SF 8913½

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

SECOND DRAFT SCREENPLAY
George Axelrod
June 22, 1960

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

BEFORE TITLES:

FADE IN:

(a) EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - (DAWN)

There is a magic about Fifth Avenue at his hour. An emptiness. A quiet. A moment of limbo as the street lamps fade in the face of the purple onrush of dawn. Presently, on this morning in early September, a lone taxi-cab speeds up the Avenue. It slows down briefly as it passes the International Building with its many airline windows, then picks up speed again and continues on to the corner of 57th Street where it pulls to the curb and stops.

(b) EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET - (DAWN)

The cab door opens and a girl gets out. She wears a backless evening dress and carries, in addition to her purse, a brown paper bag. The ANGLE OF THE CAMERA is such that we see only her slim, straight back. She pays the driver and the cab pulls away. As she stands there, alone on the empty sidewalk, the street lamps go out. She notices this and waves a small goodnight to the lamp on the corner. From her paper bag she takes a container of coffee and a piece of danish pastry. The CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she moves from the curb toward the imposing store, on the corner. Now we can see that it is Tiffany's. As the girl sips her coffee and munches pastry, superimpose the words: BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S and begin main titles. Under the titles the CAMERA STAYS ON THE GIRL as she, still munching and swallowing, gazes with deep absorption into Tiffany's windows. Although we still see her only from the back we catch an occasional glimpse of her face reflected among the jewels in the glass. She takes her time and the CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HER as she moves slowly from window to window. Finally, her breakfast finished, she replaces the empty coffee container in the bag, crumples it and tosses it with great accuracy into a trash can. It is growing lighter. A few Day People are beginning to appear. They cast curious glances at the girl in her backless evening dress. She ignores them. Her curious ritual now successfully completed, she takes a pair of sunglasses from her purse, puts them on and then moves off, a skinny girl walking fast and straight, crossing 57th Street diagonally, heading north and east. AS THE CAMERA HOLDS ON HER RETREATING BACK and the Main Titles end, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

1. EXT. SIDE STREET. EAST 60'S - (DAWN)

A tree-lined residential block of converted brownstones between Lexington and Third. The girl (MOVING TOWARD THE CAMERA for the first time) walks briskly up the block in her low cut evening dress. We get a look at her now for the first time. For all her chic thinness she has an almost breakfast-cereal air of health. Her mouth is large, her nose upturned. Her sun-glasses blot out her eyes. She could be anywhere from sixteen to thirty. As it happens she is two months short of nineteen. Her name (as we will soon discover) is HOLLY GOLIGHTLY.

2. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (DAWN)

Holly approaches the brownstone. Parked in front of it is a large, black, chauffeur-driven Cadillac. Holly notices it and quickens her pace, up the steps and into the vestibule of the building. As she does so the rear door of the Cadillac opens and a gentleman, MR. SID ARBUCK, emerges. He is short, vast, sun-lamped and pomaded, a man in a buttressed pin-stripe suit with a red carnation wilting in its lapel. Mr. Arbuck, moving as rapidly as it is possible for him to move, follows her up the steps.

3. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAWN)

Holly fumbles in her purse for her key but cannot find it. Mr. Arbuck comes lurching into the vestibule behind her.

MR. ARBUCK
Hey, baby, what's going on here?

Holly, unable to find her key, reaches down and presses a button at random.

4. INSERT - CARD SLOTS

There are spaces for four cards. "Yunioshi"; "Spanella"; "Miss Holly Golightly - Traveling" and the fourth is blank. Holly's finger hovers indecisively for a moment -- then selects "Yunioshi" and presses the bell hard.

5. INT. MR. YUNIOSHI'S STUDIO APARTMENT - (DAWN)

A photographer's studio at the top of the building.

5. (Cont'd)

Mr. Yunioshi, the photographer-tenant, is asleep on a day-bed. The harsh sound of the buzzer blasts him awake. His irate head comes out from under the covers. He blinks in a dazed fashion for a moment then murmurs in a soft, anguished voice:

MR. YUNIOSHI
Miss Golightly...not <u>again</u>...please!

He pulls the covers back over his head.

6. <u>INT. VESTIBULE</u> - (DAWN)

Holly, waiting for the answering buzzer that will release the lock, is dealing with Mr. Arbuck who is more or less nuzzling her neck.

ARBUCK
What happened to you anyway? You take off for the powder room and that's the last I see you...

HOLLY
Now really, Harry...

ARBUCK
Harry was the other guy. I'm Sid. Sid Arbuck. You like me. Remember?

Holly reaches down and presses the button again.

7. <u>INT. MR. YUNIOSHI'S APARTMENT</u> - (DAWN)

The buzzer rings again. And again. With a deep oriental sigh, Mr. Yunioshi drags himself out of bed, goes to the door, presses the release button, opens his door and leans out into -

8. <u>INT. STAIRWELL</u> - (DAWN)

Mr. Yunioshi looks angrily downward.

MR. YUNIOSHI
Miss Golightly! I must protest!

9. <u>INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS</u> - (DAWN)

Holly starts up the stairs, followed by Mr. Arbuck.

9. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
(Calling to Mr. Yunioshi)
Oh, darling, I am sorry! I lost my key!

10. INT. MR. YUNIOSHI (HOLLY'S ANGLE) - (DAWN)

MR. YUNIOSHI
That was two weeks ago! You cannot go on ringing my bell. You must please, please have yourself a key made!

11. INT. HOLLY MOUNTING STEPS - (DAWN)

Mr. Arbuck, huffing and puffing, is right behind her.

HOLLY
It won't do any good. I just lose them all...

MR. YUNIOSHI'S VOICE (o.s.)
I work. I have to sleep. But you are always ringing my bell...

Mr. Yunioshi's door slams angrily. Holly has reached her own door. She bends down and takes her doorkey from under the mat. Mr. Arbuck joins her.

MR. ARBUCK
Now come on, baby, you like me. You know you do.

HOLLY
I worship you, Mr. Arbuck. But goodnight, Mr. Arbuck.

MR. ARBUCK
Hey now, baby, what is this? You like me. I'm a liked guy.

By this time Holly has opened the door, skillfully moved through it, and now closes it in his face. Mr. Arbuck is outraged. He bellows with frustration and pounds on the door.

MR. ARBUCK
You like me, baby! You know you do! Didn't I pick up the check for five

(Continued)

11. (Cont'd)

MR. ARTUCK (Cont'd)
people? Your friends? I never seen them before. And when you ask me for a little change for the powder room, what do I give you? A fifty dollar bill!

12. INT. MR. YUNIOSHI'S DOOR - (DAWN)

His door opens once more and Mr. Yunioshi, now really angry, sticks his head out again.

MR. YUNIOSHI
In thirty seconds I am calling the police!

13. INT. HOLLY'S DOOR - (DAWN)

Mr. Arbuck gives up and angrily plunges down the stairs. He slams the vestibule door. Holly's door opens and she sticks her head out.

MR. YUNIOSHI
The vice squad!

HOLLY
Oh, don't be angry, you dear little man. I won't do it again. And if you promise not to be angry... I might just let you take those pictures we mentioned...

14. INT. MR. YUNIOSHI (HOLLY'S ANGLE) - (DAWN)

His expression changes.

MR. YUNIOSHI
When?

15. INT. HOLLY -(DAWN)

HOLLY
(Vaguely)
Some time.

16. INT. MR. YUNIOSHI (HOLLY'S ANGLE) - (DAWN)

16. (Cont'd)

MR. YUNIOSHI
(Sadly)
Any time.

He sighs once more and closes his door.

HOLLY
(Closing her door)

Good night...

17. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAWN)

The living room of a two-room apartment. Doors to kitchenette and bedroom. The living room has a 'camping out' look. Suitcases and packing cases are the only furnishings. There is a lamp on one case. Gin and vermouth on another. A record player and a stack of records on the floor. A wall of empty book shelves.

Holly locks the door and turns into the room. A large red cat comes up and rubs against her legs. She bends down to stroke him.

HOLLY
Hello, Cat. Thanks for waiting up.

She goes across the room into -

18. INT. KITCHENETTE - (DAWN)

And opens the refrigerator and peers in.

19. INT. INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR (HOLLY'S POV)

It contains: A container of milk, a bottle of champagne, some penicillin nose drops and a pair of ballet slippers.

20. INT. KITCHENETTE - (DAWN)

Holly takes out the ballet slippers, tries briefly to remember why they were put there, gives up, shrugs and puts them back. Then she takes out the container of milk and pours some into a dish which she puts on the floor of the -

21. INT. LIVING ROOM - (DAWN)

HOLLY
(To Cat)
Breakfast?

The cat meows.

HOLLY
Okay. Come and get it.

The cat crosses to the milk. Hesitates. Looks up and meows again.

HOLLY
That's okay. Go ahead. I've had mine. Really...

The cat begins to lap up the milk. Holly yawns, and starts for the bedroom, unzipping the zipper that runs most of the way down the back of her dress as she does so. The dress drops to the floor and the camera pans with it. She leaves the dress where it falls.

HOLLY
Well, goodnight...

She goes off into the bedroom. The cat finishes the milk, yawns, crosses to the dress on the floor. It looks soft and inviting. He curls up in it and prepares to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (DAY)

It is now about ten in the morning. A cab pulls up in front of the house and a young man, Paul Varjak, gets out. He is about twenty-eight, dark, tough, sensitive and handsome. His clothes are rumpled and his tie is loosened He is about twenty minutes away from being badly in need of a shave. He looks, in fact, like a young man who has passed the last ten hours or so sitting up on an airplane. His luggage consists of an Olivetti portable typewriter, a cardboard carton tied with string and a single, much traveled suitcase. All these items are still ticketed with airline tags. The driver gets out to give him a hand with his stuff.

PAUL
" 'Here we go,' the young man said and, silently counting to three, held his breath and jumped."

(Continued)

22. (Cont'd)

The driver looks at him somewhat nervously.

PAUL
Koestler's 'Arrival and Departure.' The first sentence. You can tell a lot about a man by his first sentence. 'Stately, plump Buck Mulligan'... 'Robert Cohn was once middle-weight boxing champion of Princeton'...'Call me Ishmael'...that kind of thing. You know?

DRIVER
You drunk or something?

PAUL
No. Just pretentious. And maybe a little bit scared.

The driver looks at him somewhat nervously.

DRIVER
That's four dollars on the clock and a quarter for the bridge...

Paul finds his wallet, opens it and takes out his bankroll: a five dollar bill. After a brief ceremony of farewell he hands it to the driver.

PAUL
That's okay. Keep it. Now we're starting from absolute scratch. Which is good in a way. Kind of gives the whole thing a jazzy, romantic quality.

DRIVER
It's not bad enough, a city full of nuts already...but also we get new ones...flying in every day... a whole air-lift of nuts...

Paul laughs, picks up his stuff and starts up the steps of the brownstone.

23. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAY)

Paul puts down his stuff, takes a key out of his pocket. It is tagged 3A. He looks over at the bells and card slots.

24. CLOSE SHOT - CARD SLOTS

CAMERA PANS DOWN: 'Yunioshi,' a blank, 'Miss Holly Golightly' with the word: 'Travelling' engraved in the corner, 'Spanella'.

25. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAY)

He is amused by Miss Golightly's card. He takes out a piece of paper and a pencil, writes something, tears it to the correct size, then inserts it into the empty slot.

26. CLOSE SHOT - CARD SLOTS

His slot now reads: PAUL VARJAK and in the corner the word 'Arrived'.

27. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAY)

Still grinning he tries his key in the door. It does not fit. Annoyed, he tries the door. It is locked. He hesitates for a moment...decides to ring one of the other bells...glances at his watch... decides it's not too early...then presses Holly's bell.

28. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Begin on close shot of the cat asleep in Holly's fallen evening dress. The buzzer sounds. The cat's head pops up. Pan to open bedroom door and move into -

29. INT. HOLLY'S DARKENED BEDROOM

The blinds have been drawn against the daylight. The bedroom (or what we can see of it) is unfurnished in the same manner as the living room except for an elaborate double bed. The buzzer sounds a second time and Holly's head arises from the sea of pillows. She has on a sleep mask and ear plugs. She mumbles an unintelligible protest and sinks back. The buzzer sounds a third time. Reluctantly she sits up and lifts the eye shade. She sighs and a bare arm reaches out and begins to grope under the bed. The camera pans with the arm as it rummages around under the bed. Under the bed is a jungle of shoes, underwear and assorted articles of clothing. The arm

(Continued)

29. (Cont'd)

finally settles on something that turns out to be a man's dress shirt. The dress shirt is pulled up and out of the picture.

30. INT. BEDROOM

Holly struggles into the dress shirt, hauls herself out of bed and makes her way into -

31. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

She crosses the room, kicking the evening dress out of sight in the general interests of neatness. She pushes the clicker and opens the door and peers sleepily out.

32. INT. HALLWAY - (DAY)

SHOOTING over Holly's shoulder we can see Paul coming up the stairs. He appears to be speaking but his lips move silently. Holly strains to hear what he is saying. It is not until he reaches her door that she catches on and removes her ear plugs. His voice cuts in sharply in mid-sentence as she does so.

PAUL
...moving into Apartment 3A, but they only sent me the upstairs key so I couldn't get the downstairs door open. I hope I didn't wake you...

HOLLY
Quite all right...Could happen to anyone...very frequently does ...Well, goodnight...

PAUL
Look, I hate to...

But Holly has replaced the ear plugs cutting his voice off sharply once again. His lips continue to move. She notices and reluctantly takes the plugs out again.

HOLLY
What?

PAUL
I said I hate to bother you, but I wonder if I could ask one more

32. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
favor...if I could just use your phone...

Holly, now wide awake, sighs.

HOLLY
Sure. Why not...

She opens the door and motions him in. He enters, leaving his luggage in the hall.

33. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Paul comes in followed by Holly. He is, out of a certain embarrassment, making conversation with more charm and brightness than is absolutely necessary.

PAUL
Thank you...Well, nice little place you have he--...

He gets a load of the 'nice little place' and his remark more or less peters out.

PAUL
...uh, yes...Well...You just moving in, too?

HOLLY
No. I've been here about a year.

PAUL
Oh.

They both look around at the shambles for an uncomfortable moment.

HOLLY
The phone's right over there.

They both look at the spot she has indicated. The phone is not right over there.

HOLLY
Well, it was...Oh, no. I remember ...I stuck it in the suitcase...it kind of muffles the sound...

She goes to a suitcase, opens it, rummages around among brassieres, etc., and finally finds the phone

(Continued)

33. (Cont'd)

which she removes and hands him almost triumphantly. He starts for it and en route trips over the cat.

PAUL
Sorry! Didn't see him there... Is he all right?

HOLLY
Sure...Sure he is...You're okay, aren't you, Cat? Poor old Cat...
(She picks him up)
Poor slob. Poor slob without a name. The way I look at it, I have no right to give him one.

Paul listens to this with growing fascination.

HOLLY
I mean, he'll just have to wait till he belongs to somebody. We don't belong to each other. We just took up by the river one day. He's an independent and so am I...
(Indicating room)
I don't even want to own anything until I've found a place where me and things go together. I'm not sure where that is. But I know what it's like. It's like Tiffany's...

PAUL
(Amused)
You mean the jewelry store?

HOLLY
That's right. I'm crazy about Tiffany's...Listen. You know those days when you've got the mean reds?

PAUL
The mean reds? You mean like the blues?

HOLLY
No. The blues are because you're getting fat or maybe it's been raining too long. You're sad, that's all. But the mean reds are horrible. Suddenly you're afraid, but you don't

33. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
know what you're afraid of. Except that something bad is going to happen, only you don't know what it is. You ever get that feeling?

PAUL
Sure.

HOLLY
Well, when I get it, the only thing that does any good is to jump in a cab and go to Tiffany's. It calms me down right away. The quietness and the proud look of it. Nothing very bad could happen to you there. Not with those kind men in their nice suits, and that lovely smell of silver and alligator wallets...

She suddenly becomes aware that she has been rambling on.

HOLLY (Cont'd)
I'm sorry. You wanted something - what was it? Oh, yes. The phone...

She hands it to him. He takes it and starts to dial.

PAUL
It's just that someone was supposed to meet me here...this is ten o'clock Thursday morning, isn't it? I just fell off a plane from Rome and...

HOLLY
(An anguished squeal)
Thursday! Is this Thursday?

PAUL
I think so...

HOLLY
Thursday! Oh, no, it can't be! It's too gruesome!

She dashes wildly into the bedroom. He looks after her in some astonishment. Then, before he can pursue the matter, someone at the other end of the phone answers.

33. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Good morning. Is Mrs. Fahnstock at home? Oh. She has? I see. Thank you. No. No message.

He hangs up the phone. He stands holding it for a moment, looking for someplace to put it. He finally puts it back in the suitcase. As he does so, he calls into the bedroom:

PAUL
Hey, what's so gruesome about Thursday?

34. INT. BATHROOM - (DAY)

THE CAMERA IS SHOOTING OVER Holly's bare shoulders, into the mirror as she frantically brushes her teeth.

HOLLY
(Through the tooth-paste)
Nothing! It's just that I can never remember when it's coming up...Wednesday nights I generally just don't go to bed at all... because I have to be up to catch the ten-forty-five. They're so particular about the visiting hours!

35. INT. BEDROOM - (DAY)

Paul stands in the doorway. He stares, somewhat bewildered, as Holly appears in the bathroom door, vaguely holding a bath towel in front of her.

HOLLY
Would you be a darling and look under the bed and see if you can find a pair of alligator shoes?

PAUL
Sure...

Somewhat bewildered, but game, he crosses to the bed and kneels down.

HOLLY
I've got to do something about the way I look. I mean a girl just <u>can't</u> go to Sing Sing with a green face!

35. (Cont'd)

Paul, down on his hands and knees, reacts rather violently to the words: Sing Sing.

PAUL
Sing Sing?

Holly dashes out of the bathroom, fetchingly attired in a half-slip which is pulled up to the arm-pits.

HOLLY
That's right. All the visitors make an effort to look their best. It's only fair...Brown alligator...

She is now rummaging through still another unpacked suitcase.

HOLLY
And if you come across a black brassiere with a broken strap and a safety pin, I can use that too... Actually, it's very touching the way all the women wear their prettiest things.

Paul has found the black brassiere with the safety pin and the broken strap. Somewhat astonished to find himself drafted into service as a ladies' maid, he nevertheless presents it...albeit a trifle timidly.

PAUL
As I understand this - what we're doing is getting you ready to visit somebody at Sing Sing?

With her back to him, she pulls the half-slip down to its normal position and hooks herself into the brassiere.

HOLLY
That's right. And now the shoes...

She is rapidly doing her face in a mirror that sits on a packing case. Paul returns to beneath the bed in search of the shoes.

She selects a garish pair of earrings and tries them on. She studies the effect in the mirror.

HOLLY
You can always tell what kind of a person a man really thinks you are by the kind of earrings he gives you.

35. (Cont'd)

She studies her reflection, grimaces, and takes off the earrings.

HOLLY
I must say, the mind reels... garter-belt, garter-belt, garter-belt, garter-belt...

She has risen and is looking wildly around.

HOLLY
I think maybe it's hanging in the bathroom...would you mind...

Paul, hypnotized, sets off in search of the missing item. A moment later he reappears with it and hands it to her.

PAUL
May one ask whom?

HOLLY
Whom what? Oh, who I go to visit, you mean?

PAUL
I guess that's what I mean.

HOLLY
I don't know if I should even discuss it...but...well they never told me not to tell anyone...only you've got to cross your heart and kiss your elbow...

PAUL
I'll try.

HOLLY
(Pulling on stockings)
You probably read about him. His name is Sally Tomato.

PAUL
The gangster?

HOLLY
They never proved it - the only thing they could ever prove was that he cheated on his income tax a little ...anyway, all I know is, he's a darling old man. Oh, he was never my lover or anything like that. In fact I never knew him until after he was in prison. But I adore him now.

35. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
I mean I've been going to see him every Thursday for seven months. Now I think I'd go even if he didn't pay me...what about the shoes?

PAUL
I could only find one...He pays you?

By this time they are both down on their hands and knees, searching under the bed for the missing shoe.

HOLLY
That's right. Or anyway his lawyer does. If he is a lawyer, which I doubt since he doesn't seem to have an office, just an answering service and he always wants you to meet him at Hamburger Heaven.
(Finding the shoe)
...there you are, you sneak!

During the following, Holly finds a scarf, which she puts over her head to avoid getting make-up on the dress which Paul assists her into, via the over-the-head route.

HOLLY
Anyway, about seven months ago this so-called lawyer - Mr. O'Shaughnessy - sent me this telegram asking me to meet him at Hamburger Heaven. Then he asked me how I'd like to cheer up a lonely old man and pick up a hundred a week at the same time. I told him: Look, darling, you've got the wrong Holly Golightly. I wasn't impressed by the honorarium either. You can do as well as that on trips to the powder room. Any gent with the slightest chic will give you a fifty dollar bill for the girl's john...

She is into the dress by now and is piling things into a purse as Paul zippers up the back of her dress.

HOLLY
And I always ask for cabfare, too. That's another fifty. But then he said his client was Sally Tomato. He said dear old Sally had seen me

35. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
at Elmer's or somewhere and had admired me a la distance so wouldn't it be a good deed if I went to visit him once a week. Well, I couldn't say no. It was too romantic...

PAUL
It doesn't seem like they'd let just anyone visit a prisoner.

HOLLY
Oh, they don't. In fact, they make quite a boring fuss. I'm supposed to be his niece. How do I look?

The dressing operation is now complete. Astonishingly enough, out of the terrible shambles, Holly has emerged looking neat, chic and altogether immaculate.

PAUL
Very good. I must say, I'm amazed. Awed, actually.

HOLLY
You were a darling to help. I could never have done it without you...

PAUL
It was a pleasure, really. Call on me any time. I'm right upstairs. Or I will be as soon as I get moved in.

By this time they have moved through the living room and out into -

36. EXT. HALLWAY - (DAY)

Holly is locking the door behind her. We still get the sense of her being on the dead run. She starts down the stairs. Paul, intrigued by what he has heard, follows.

PAUL
You mean for an hour's conversation he gives you a hundred dollars?

36. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Well, Mr. O'Shaughnessy does. As soon as I meet him and give him the weather report.

PAUL
It's none of my business, but it sounds to me like you could get into a lot of trouble.

They have now reached -

37. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAY)

HOLLY
How?

PAUL
Well, there must be some law about false identity. I mean you're really not his niece... And what do you mean, weather report?

Holly has opened her mail box, inspected the mail and put it all back, and closed the box again.

HOLLY
Nothing but bills. Oh, that's just a message I give Mr. O'Shaughnessy so he'll know I've really been up there. Sally tells me things to say like... Oh...There's a hurricane in Cuba...It's cloudy in Palermo... things like that. You don't have to worry. I've taken care of myself for a long time...

They move out to the -

38. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (DAY)

PAUL
Taxi! Oh, taxi!

A cab goes by but it already has a passenger. Holly puts two fingers in her mouth and whistles. Another cab goes by.

38. (Cont'd)

PAUL
I've always wanted to be able to do that...Hey, taxi!

Now a cab appears. It pulls up in front of the brownstone. A lady gets out. She is Emily Eustis (Mrs. William) Fahnstock. '2E' (pronounced, I guess, 'Tooney') as she is affectionately known to the readers of Cholly Knickerbocker's column. She is an extremely attractive woman in her early forties. She looks rich, sexy and somewhat spoiled. She carries a large, ugly, expensive Victorian lamp and several rolls of wallpaper.

2E
(All in one breath as she gets out of the cab)
Paul! I'm late! I know it! Oh, don't tell me you were locked out? Didn't you get the key? Oh, darling, I'm so sorry...

PAUL
I got it all right. My neighbor, Miss Golightly, was kind enough to let me in...
(Nervously making conversation)
Miss Golightly is on her way to Sing Sing. Just visiting, of course.

The two ladies eye each other, taking rapid stock in the terrifying way that ladies do. Paul, feeling that something more really ought to be said, goes on.

PAUL
Miss Golightly, I'd like you to meet Mrs. Fahnstock...
(He hesitates again, seeking the correct descriptive phrase)
...my...decorator...

HOLLY
(Her eyebrows going up ever so slightly)
How do you do...

2E
How do you do...
(Then, to Paul)
Darling, let me look at you... Was the flight absolutely ghastly?

38. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
Is it really only three weeks since I left you in Rome? It seems like years...

Holly, through all this, indicates the cab.

HOLLY
Are you through with...I mean may I take...I am in a terrible rush...

As she is unable to break through the sound barrier erected by Mrs. Fabnstock, she finally shrugs, gets the cab and says:

HOLLY (Cont'd)
Grand Central please. And step on it.

She slams the door and the cab pulls away.

2E
(Oblivious of her departure)
Have you seen the apartment?

PAUL
Not yet...

2E
I know it was wicked of me, but I couldn't resist. I went ahead and fixed it up without you. I think it's darling, of course. But if you absolutely hate it, we can rip everything out and just start from scratch...

By this time she has loaded him with the lamp and the rolls of wallpaper and is leading him triumphantly up the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Paul and 2E enter together, Paul staggering slightly under his luggage, the lamp and the wallpaper.

2E
Close your eyes, darling! Now... now...you can open them...Well... isn't it just something!

39. (Cont'd)

Paul opens his eyes, puts down his stuff and looks around. It is, like the lady said, just something! It is the top floor studio apartment - one large room with studio windows on one side. It is wildly decorated in what can best be described as Early Expensive.

PAUL
Well...

ZE
Oh, darling, you do hate it! I can tell...

PAUL
No...I think it's...great...it just takes a second to get used to, that's all.

ZE
(Indicating)
The lamp goes right over there... And I haven't settled on the paper for the bathroom yet. But aside from that it's all done... well, what do you think?

PAUL
(Softly)
Wow...

ZE
Now...before anything else...I want us to get you all unpacked...I can't stand the sight of suitcases in a room... They're so sad and going-away looking...

She goes to his suitcase and opens it.

PAUL
That's okay...I'll do it later.

ZE
No...let me, please...I love doing things for you...

From the suitcase she takes its contents, two shirts, two pairs of shorts, a pair of socks and a necktie... She goes to the closet door and opens it. It is an enormous step-in style closet, complete with enough built-in racks, drawers, tie racks, shoe racks, shirt holders etc., to service the entire sixth floor at Brooks Brothers. She quickly puts away Paul's frugal belongings. They look extremely sad in the vast closet, especially the single necktie dangling from the enormous tie rack. They both contemplate the situation for a moment.

39. (Cont'd)

PAUL
(He's trying)
It certainly is a nice roomy closet...

2E
We'll need the space, darling. Your suits will go here, shoes along here ...sports jackets here...and these drawers are all for sweaters. I love the way cashmere feels on a man...

The unpacking is now completed. She picks up the suitcase and puts it on a shelf.

2E
And now we can get rid of this awful thing...

She closes the door to the closet.

2E
Much better - no? And you didn't even notice your desk...it's an escritoire actually...it once belonged to Voltaire...I think...or maybe it was Anatole France...and look, I've got it all arranged for you...see... You've got reams of paper...and yellow pads, legal size and regular...and paper clips and rubber bands...and I've got your pencils all sharpened...

She picks up his typewriter, puts it on the desk and takes off its lid. She takes a sheet of paper and puts it in the machine.

2E
Voila!

PAUL
If a man is going to starve in a garret and write the great American novel this is sure the way to do it...

2E
And you're not angry because I went ahead and did it all without you?

PAUL
I'm hardly in a position to get angry...about anything...am I?

39. (Cont'd)

2E
(Her tone changes)
Now listen, darling, we're just not going to have any of <u>that</u> at all...The whole thing is very simple. You're a writer...I think you can be a great one...Why shouldn't I help you? I have a husband who invests in oil wells...I have friends who invest in...I don't know...the stock market or real estate. So why shouldn't I be allowed to invest in what I believe in?

PAUL
Which is?

2E
Talent, darling. Talent. You have talent and I'm going to see that you don't waste it or spoil it or fritter it away. I couldn't bear the idea of you...prostituting yourself...sitting in a little cage in Hollywood...writing movies that would make us both cringe when we saw them later... Let me be your Hollywood, Paul...your own personal, tender, loving Hollywood...

PAUL
And what do you get out of it?

2E
Satisfaction, darling. Just satisfaction. And maybe the feeling of pride, when the book is finally done, of seeing the dedication page that says: 'For 2E, Without Whom...'

During this, she has very gently begun to unbutton his shirt.

PAUL
And that's all?

2E
Well, almost...

She draws him to her and kisses him. When they break she very gently pushes him away from her and toward the bed.

40. CLOSE SHOT - 2E (PAUL'S ANGLE) - (DAY)

2E
It's not so bad, is it? Really?

PAUL (O.S.)
I suppose there are tougher ways of earning a living...

2E
(softly)
You bet there are, darling. You just bet there are...

She begins to unbutton her blouse.

2E
Paul...

PAUL (O.S.)
Yes?

2E
I wish we had a picture of you... just the way you are right now... If we put it on the book jacket, we'd sell a million copies...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

41. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

It is very late. The nearby houses on the block are dark and quiet. In our brownstone, however, lights blaze in Holly's apartment and the silence of the night is shattered by the rocking, blasting sound of music from her record player. A light upstairs goes on suddenly.

42. INT. MR. YUNIOSHI'S DOOR - (NIGHT)

The sound of the blaring music fills the corridor. Mr.Y. opens his door and bellows in an angry voice.

MR. YUNIOSHI
Miss Golightly! Once again I must protest! If you do not this minute turn off that phonograph I will telephone to the police!

From below comes the sound of a crash. But the music stops. Mr. Y. triumphantly closes his door.

43. EXT. HOLLY'S FIRE ESCAPE - (NIGHT)

The camera is shooting through the window into Holly's bathroom. There is the sound of another crash. The bathroom door opens and Holly enters, wearing an evening dress. She quickly locks the door behind her. There is still another crash. She shrugs, sighs a little - she is, however, more amused than alarmed, then opens the window and climbs out onto the fire escape, closing the window behind her. The camera follows her as she climbs the fire escape, mounting to -

44. EXT. PAUL'S FIRE ESCAPE - (NIGHT)

Holly peers into the window.

45. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (HOLLY'S POV) - (NIGHT)

Paul is asleep on the bed. In the single light from the bed lamp we can see that he is smiling benignly in his sleep.

46. EXT. HOLLY ON FIRE ESCAPE - (NIGHT)

Her features take on the same benign smile. She starts to open the window and enter. Then she sees something that stops her.

47. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (HOLLY'S POV) - (NIGHT)

2E, dressed for the street, is coming out of the bathroom. She moves about the room, straightening up. Emptying ashtrays and clearing away glasses.

48. EXT. HOLLY ON FIRE ESCAPE - (NIGHT)

Holly, resigned, seats herself on the fire escape, hugging her bare shoulders for warmth. She settles in to wait.

49. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

2E, her domestic chores finished, goes to the bed and lovingly pulls the covers up around the sleeping Paul. She kisses him very gently. He does not awaken. She starts to go - then - almost as an afterthought - opens her purse and takes out three hundred dollars in fifty dollar bills which she places on the desk. She kisses Paul once more and tiptoes out, closing the door softly behind her.

(Continued)

50. EXT. HOLLY ON THE FIRE ESCAPE - (NIGHT)

Now the coast is clear. Holly raps on the window. Paul does not stir. She raps again louder. This time his eyes open.

51. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Aware of the rapping at the window, Paul sits up. Holly opens the window and enters.

PAUL
What the hell...

HOLLY
It's all right. It's only me...

PAUL
Now wait a minute, Miss...

HOLLY
Golightly. Holly Golightly. I live downstairs. We met this morning, remember?

Paul looks anxiously around for 2E.

HOLLY
That's all right. She's gone. She left a few minutes ago. The thing is, I've got the most terrifying man downstairs. I mean he's sweet when he isn't drunk, but let him start lapping up the vino and oh, golly, quel beast! It finally got so tiresome down there that I just went out the window.

There is another crash from below. Paul looks at her questioningly. She shrugs.

HOLLY
Pretty soon he'll get tired and go to sleep. He certainly should anyway. Eight martinis before dinner and enough wine to wash an elephant... look, you can throw me out if you want to...but you did look so cozy in here ...and your decorator friend had gone home...and it was beginning to get cold out there on the balcon...

51. (Cont'd)

PAUL
And I always heard people in New York never get to know their neighbors. How was Sing Sing?

HOLLY
Fine. I made the train and everything...

PAUL
And what's the weather report?

HOLLY
Small craft warnings Block Island to Hatteras...whatever that means...
(Making a decision)
You know, you're sweet. You really are. And you look a little like my brother Fred. Do you mind if I call you Fred?

She seats herself at his desk.

PAUL
(Lighting a cigarette)
Not at all...

HOLLY
When I was little we used to sleep four in a bed. Fred was the only one who would let me hug him on a cold night...

Casually, she picks up the money ZE left on the desk.

HOLLY
(Rapidly counts it)
Three hundred? She's very generous...

PAUL
(Suddenly angry)
Okay. The party's over. You can get the hell out of here right now...

He starts to get out of bed to throw her out. Realizes in time that he has no clothes on and, frustrated, glowers at her from the bed. Holly, realizing she has been rude, rushes to him, kneeling beside the bed.

HOLLY
Oh, Fred, darling Fred, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

51. (Cont'd)

PAUL
(After a moment)
That's okay. I was sore for a minute. But I'm over it now. Stick around Make yourself a drink...or throw me my pants and I'll get up and make you one...

HOLLY
You stay right where you are! You must be absolutely exhausted...I mean it's very late and you were sound asleep and everything...

She pours two drinks and brings one to him and then, finally settles back in the chair at the desk.

HOLLY
I suppose you think I'm very brazen. Or tres fou. Or something.

PAUL
I don't think you're any fou-er than anybody else...

HOLLY
Yes, you do. Everybody does. I don't mind. It's useful. What do you do, anyway?

PAUL
I'm a writer, I guess...

HOLLY
You guess? Don't you know?

PAUL
Okay. Positive statement. Ringing affirmative. I'm a writer.

HOLLY
It's funny. I always thought of writers as being, well...older... personally I can't get excited about a man until he's forty-two. I just simply trained myself. And it was the smartest thing I ever did.
(Thoughtfully)
The only writer I've ever been out with is Benny Shacklett...He's written an awful lot of television stuff...But quel rat! Tell me, are you a real writer? I mean does anybody buy what you write? Or publish it or anything?

51. (Cont'd)

Paul motions toward the cardboard carton that is now resting open on the floor beside the desk. It contains a dozen copies of a book. She starts to take them out.

HOLLY
Yours?

PAUL
Uh-huh...

HOLLY
All these books?

PAUL
Well, it's just the one book. Twelve copies of it...

HOLLY
(Reading the title)
"Nine Stories" by Paul Varjak. They're stories?

PAUL
Nine of them.

HOLLY
Tell me one.

PAUL
They're not the kind of story you can really tell...

HOLLY
Too dirty?

PAUL
Well, I suppose they're dirty, too. But only incidentally. Mostly they're "angry", "Sensitive", "intensely felt" and that dirtiest of all dirty words, "promising." At least that's what the Times Book review said on October 1st, 1956.

HOLLY
1956?

PAUL
That's right.

HOLLY
I suppose this is kind of a catty question...but what have you written lately?

51. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Lately I've been working on a novel.

HOLLY
Lately since 1956?

PAUL
A novel takes a long time. I want to get it exactly right.

HOLLY
And so no more stories?

PAUL
The idea is I'm not supposed to fritter away the talent on little things. I'm supposed to be saving for the big one.

HOLLY
Do you write every day?

PAUL
Sure.

HOLLY
Did you write today?

PAUL
Sure.

HOLLY
It's a beautiful typewriter.

PAUL
It's Italian. It writes only very sensitive, intensely felt, promising prose...

Holly hits a few keys at random.

HOLLY
There's no ribbon in it.

PAUL
There isn't?

HOLLY
No.

PAUL
Oh.

(Pause)

51. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
Something you said this morning ...it's been worrying me all day.

HOLLY
What's that?

PAUL
Do they really give you fifty dollars whenever you go to the powder room?

HOLLY
Of course...

PAUL
You must do very well...

HOLLY
I'm trying to save. But I'm not very good at it. You do look a lot like my brother Fred...

She comes over and sits down on the edge of the bed.

HOLLY
I haven't seen him, of course, since I was fourteen, that's when I left home, and he was already six-feet-two. I guess it must have been the peanut butter that did it. Everybody thought he was dotty the way he gorged himself on peanut butter. But he wasn't dotty. Just sweet and vague and terribly slow. He'd been in the eighth grade three years when I ran away. Poor Fred. He's in the army now. That's really the best place for him...until I can get enough money saved...

PAUL
And then?

HOLLY
Then maybe Fred and I...I went to Mexico once. It's a wonderful country for raising horses. I saw one place...near the sea. Fred's good with horses...but even land in Mexico costs something...and no matter what I do there never seems to be more than a couple of hundred dollars in the bank...

51. (Cont'd)

She notices the alarm clock on the bed table.

HOLLY
It can't be four-thirty! It just can't!

The first light is beginning to filter into the room. Holly, suddenly looks terribly young and terribly tired...like a transparent child.

HOLLY
Do you mind if I just get in with you for a minute?

She slides into bed beside him.

HOLLY
(Sleepily)
It's all right...really it is. We're friends, that's all. If you were older and richer and not as nice, then maybe it'd be different.. we are friends, aren't we?

PAUL
Sure...

She snuggles her head against his shoulder and closes her eyes.

HOLLY
Okay...now let's don't say another word...let's just go to sleep...

He looks down at her...in a moment she is almost asleep. Moving gently he reaches over to turn out the lamp. Morning begins to fill the room. In her sleep now, Holly stirs and holds his arm.

HOLLY
Poor Fred...where are you, Fred? Because it's cold. There's snow in the wind...

Paul looks more closely and sees that she is crying.

PAUL
What is it...what's the matter? Why are you crying?

Holly, suddenly wide awake, springs out of bed.

51. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
If we're going to be friends, let's get one thing straight right now! I hate snoops!

And with this, she starts for the window and the fire-escape.

DISSOLVE TO:

52. EXT. STREET - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul comes up the street with a bag of groceries and the evening papers. As he nears the brownstone we hear (as usual) the BLARE of Holly's PHONOGRAPH. He grins a little, amused by the habits of his neighbor. He mounts the steps and enters the -

53. INT. VESTIBULE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

He pauses at his mail box. A note and a small, gift-wrapped package have been affixed to his box with scotch tape. He opens the note and reads:

54. INSERT - THE NOTE

In Holly's freakishly awkward, kindergarten hand-writing:

"Darling Fred, please forgive last night. Can you stop in for a drink 6-ish? Mille tendresses. Your friend, Holly Golightly."

55. INT. VESTIBULE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

He pockets the note and, holding the small package curiously in his hand, opens the door and goes in.

56. INT. STAIRS - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul climbs the stairs, pausing a moment to listen to the SOUNDS coming from the other side of Holly's door. Then he continues on his way upstairs.

57. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON)

57. (Cont'd)

The PHONE IS RINGING as he comes through the door. It has been ringing for some time. He dashes to it and picks up the receiver.

PAUL
Hello?

58. INT. 2E's LIVING ROOM - (LATE AFTERNOON)

2E, stretched out on a chaise with the telephone. Included in the shot is the distinguished back of Mr. William Fahnstock who is, at the moment, engaged in mixing martinis.

2E
Lucille, darling? 2E...

From this point on, INTERCUT phone conversation, finishing on Paul.

PAUL
(Blankly)
Huh?

2E
I've been trying desperately to reach you. Bill just got back - a day early, the beast... so I'm afraid I'll have to beg off on the bridge game...you'll explain to the rest of the girls...

PAUL
Sure.

2E
You're a darling. Maybe we can have lunch tomorrow. I'll call you in the morning...

PAUL
Whatever you say...

2E
And you will manage to survive without me tonight?

PAUL
Sure. I might even take a wild boyish fling at writing something... Sure. Of course. Good night. Good night.

58. (Cont'd)

He hangs up the phone. With a vaguely resolute air he sits down at the desk, lights a cigarette and pulls the typewriter to him. He jams in a piece of paper and then suddenly realizes there is no ribbon. He gets up again and, then, suddenly sees Holly's present. He slowly and carefully unwraps it. It contains an Olivetti typewriter ribbon. He grins, goes back to the desk and attempts to put it into the machine. He is totally unsuccessful. Maybe he's just out of practice. With a sigh of resignation he gives up. From the window come the inviting SOUNDS of Holly's cocktail party. He struggles briefly with himself, loses, gets up, wipes his hands, straightens his tie and heads for the door. He stops, goes back, takes a copy of his book from the shelf - takes out a pen, autographs it to Holly and goes out.

59. INT. HOLLY'S DOOR - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul hesitates a moment, then KNOCKS. Presently the door is opened by a brisk, tough-talking little man who will presently be identified as one O. J. Berman. O. J. looks at Paul somewhat dubiously.

O.J.
Kid's in the shower... You expected?

PAUL
I was invited.. If that's what you mean...

O.J.
Okay. So don't get sore. It's just a lot of characters come here, they're not expected. That's all.

With that he ushers Paul into -

60. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (LATE AFTERNOON)

What is clearly going to develop into a large, noisy party is just getting under way. A dozen or so assorted guests are standing around, there being, of course, no place to sit. A bar has been improvised on an empty packing case. There is as yet no sign of the hostess.

O.J.
You know the kid long?

60. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Not very. I live upstairs.

O.J.
(With some horror)
In this building?

PAUL
That's right.

O.J..

What a dump! Look at it. Unbelievable!

He pauses for a moment and then, very suddenly and dramatically hurls a question.

O.J.
Well -- what do you think? Is she -- or isn't she?

Before Paul can come up with a suitable reply, the bedroom door bursts open and Holly, fresh from the shower, splashes into the room, a towel more or less wrapped around her and her wet feet dripping foot marks on the floor.

HOLLY
Fred, darling - I'm so glad you could come --

PAUL
I brought you a house present - something for your bookcase.
(He hands her the book)

HOLLY
You are sweet --
(She puts it on the shelf where it sits in solitary splendor)
It does look nice there, doesn't it -- Light me a cigarette, will you? Not you, O.J. You're such a slob...

She reaches down and deftly scoops up the cat and places it on her bare shoulder. Paul lights her a cigarette. Through this, Holly's line of chatter does not lose a beat.

HOLLY
O.J. is a slob but he's a great agent and he knows a terrific lot

60. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
of phone numbers. What is David O. Selznick's phone number, O.J.?

O.J.
Crestview 5-6...Come on now. Lay off...

HOLLY
It's not a joke, darling. I want you to call him up and tell him what a genius Fred is.
(She indicates book on the shelf)
See - nine stories - by Paul Varjak. Now you just stop blushing, Fred. You didn't say you were a genius. I did. So quit stalling, O.J. Just tell me what you're going to do to make Fred rich and famous...

O.J.
Suppose you just let old Fred-baby and me settle that, huh, kid?

There is another KNOCK at the door. Holly moves off to answer it, calling over her shoulder as she goes:

HOLLY
Okay. But just remember. I'm his agent. He's already got a decorator - but I'm his agent.

O.J.
Well, okay, Fred-baby...

PAUL
(Correcting him)
Paul-baby...

O.J.
Okay, Paul baby...so answer the question. Is she - or isn't she?

PAUL
Is she what?

O.J.
A phony.

PAUL
I don't know. I don't think so...

60. (Cont'd)

O.J.
Well, you're wrong! She is a phony! But on the other hand, you're right. Because she's a real phony. You know why? Because she honestly believes all this phony junk she believes!

PAUL
Have you known her long?

O.J.
Known her long? Me...O.J. Berman... I'm the one discovered her! On the coast, a couple of years ago, out at Santa Anita. She's hanging around the track. The kid's just fifteen. But stylish. Even though when she opens her mouth, you don't know if she's a hill-billy or an okie or what. One year it took to smooth out that accent. How we finally did it, we give her French lessons. After that she gradually learns to imitate English. Finally, when I think she's ready - I set her up with a screen test...I could kill myself...the night before...wham! the phone rings! She says: This is Holly. I say: Baby, you sound far away. She says: I'm in New York. I say: What kind of New York? You got a screen test here tomorrow. She says: I'm in New York because I've never been to New York. I say: Get your butt on a plane and get back here. She says: I don't want it. I say: You don't want it? She says: I don't want it. I say: What do you want? She says: When I find out, you'll be the first one to know. So, listen, Fred-baby...

PAUL
Paul-baby...

O.J.
Don't stand there and try and tell me she ain't a phony!

61. INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The party has now spread into the bedroom. Through the door we can see two enthusiastic gentlemen zipping Holly into her dress. Once safely zipped Holly moves (AND THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER) out into the gathering bedlam. There follow several SHOTS of the party from various angles. Holly turning the phonograph up even louder. Paul picking his way across the room to the bar. O.J. shaking his head and taking a pill. More guests arriving. Paul, having finally got a drink, picking his way back to his corner. He arrives there at the same time as Holly who has come from the opposite direction.

PAUL
Some party...Who <u>are</u> all these people anyway?

HOLLY
Who knows? I've been scattering invitations around all week -- I've sort of forgotten who all I asked...

Holly suddenly notices the glass in Paul's hand.

HOLLY
You don't mind, do you darling?

She deftly takes his hard-won drink from his hand, and drains it in one long pull. Then she returns the empty glass to him.

PAUL
What I don't understand is: Why?

HOLLY
Why what?

PAUL
Why anyone would give a brawl like this of his own free will.

HOLLY
Well really, darling. How else is a girl going to get to meet new people?

From the doorway comes a high-pitched, female voice. A high-pitched southern female voice with a rather fetching stutter.

61. (Cont'd)

MAG'S VOICE (O.S.)
Holly! Holly, d-d-darling!

PAUL
Who's that?

62. INT. DOORWAY - PAUL & HOLLY'S POV - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Mag Wildwood, the owner of the voice, is a fashion model, well over six feet tall in her spiked heels. With her are two gentlemen: Jose Ybarra-Jaegar, a wildly handsome Latin with the look of a shy bull fighter; and Rusty Trawler, a middle-aged child who has never quite shed his baby fat. There is not a suspicion of a bone in his body. Mag is shouting greetings to one and all.

63. INT. PAUL & HOLLY - (LATE AFTERNOON)

HOLLY
Mag Wildwood. She's a model, believe it or not. And a thumping bore. But just look what she's brought with her!

64. INT. CLOSE SHOT - JOSE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

PAUL'S VOICE (O.S.)
(Sotto)
He's all right, I suppose, if you like dark, handsome, rich-looking men with passionate natures and too many teeth...

65. INT. HOLLY & PAUL - (LATE AFTERNOON)

HOLLY
(Sotto)
I don't mean him! I mean the other one.

66. CLOSE SHOT - RUSTY - (LATE AFTERNOON)

PAUL'S VOICE (O.S.)
(Sotto)
The other one?

67. INT. PAUL & HOLLY - (LATE AFTERNOON)

HOLLY
Don't you know who he is? You must have seen his picture at least! He's Rusty Trawler...

Paul looks blank.

HOLLY
Rusty Trawler! He happens to be the ninth richest man under fifty-five in America...

PAUL
That's a remarkable piece of information to have at your fingertips.

HOLLY
Darling, I keep track of these things! Now, you just stand well back and watch...

Holly squares her shoulders and moves rapidly to the doorway to greet her new guests.

HOLLY
Mag, darling! I'm so glad you dropped in...

MAG
Well, I was upstairs working with Yunioshi. Christmas stuff for the 'Ba-ba-zaar'. Then these two nice b-boys came to pick me up...it was a m-mistake of course, my wires got crossed somewhere...b-but they were b-both very sweet about it...May I present Jose Ybarra-Jaegar...he's from Brazil...Miss G-Golightly...

He kisses Holly's hand.

MAG
And Mr. Rusty Trawler...Miss G-Golightly...

Rusty giggles foolishly.

MAG
You're not vexed at me for b-bringing them along?

HOLLY
Of course not, darling...

67. (Cont'd)

MAG
I'm so g-glad...Now who's going to get me some b-bourbon?

HOLLY
O.J., will you get Miss Wildwood a drink...

O.J. obliges, leading her off. Holly looks after her, sighs sadly and says to Jose and Rusty:

HOLLY
It's really very sad. And so mysterious. You'd think it would show more. But heaven knows, she looks healthy...

With which, she takes Rusty's arm:

HOLLY
Come on, Mr. Trawler, let's see what we can get for you...

Rusty giggles foolishly as she leads him off. Paul looks helplessly around, considers trying to get himself another drink, decides against it and instead, unobtrusively leaves the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

68. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Paul, his jacket off and tie loosened is seated at his desk, his feet propped up, his head back and a cigarette in his mouth. After a moment he swings his feet to the floor, gets up, wanders to the window and looks out.

69. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Paul grins and goes back to the desk. He picks up the typewriter ribbon, studies it with great intensity. Once more he tries to put it into the machine. This time it almost flies into place. Encouraged, he jams a piece of paper into the machine. He stares at it for a long time. Then, very slowly, very painfully he begins to type.

PAUL
(To himself as he does so)
'There...was...once...a...very lovely...

69. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
very frightened girl...She lived alone... in an unfurnished apartment...

Suddenly he feels a pair of eyes on him. He looks quickly at the window.

70. CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW SILL - (NIGHT)

Holly's cat sits watching him calmly.

PAUL'S VOICE (o.s.)
Oh, hi, Cat...

The sound of typing begins again.

PAUL'S VOICE (o.s.)
Alone that is, except for a nameless cat. Each Thursday she took the 10:45 train for Sing Sing...

On the cat's grinning face -

DISSOLVE TO:

71. INT. VISITOR'S ROOM, SING SING - (DAY)

Begin on CLOSEUP of the grinning face of Sally Tomato, When the CAMERA PULLS BACK, a scene, almost picnic in quality is revealed.

SALLY
So you're a writer, huh, Fred?

PAUL
I guess so...

HOLLY
What do you mean, you guess so? He's written nine of the most marvelous stories. I mean they've been published and everything...

PAUL
Holly, please...

SALLY
Look. You a writer or ain't you a writer?

71. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Goodbye, Uncle Sally...

SALLY
Goodbye...don't forget to send the book...

PAUL
I won't...

HOLLY
Oh, Uncle Sally - what about the weather report...

SALLY
(Grins)
'Snow flurries expected this week-end in New Orleans...'

He is being led away...

HOLLY
(To Paul)
'Snow flurries expected this week-end in New Orleans...' Isn't that just the wierdest?...I bet they haven't had any snow in New Orleans in a million years...I don't know how he thinks them up...

DISSOLVE TO:

72. EXT. OSSINING STATION PLATFORM - (DAY)

The train is in the station about to pull out. Many of the people we saw in the visitors room are boarding. Among them, Holly and Paul.

73. INT. TRAIN - (DAY)

Holly and Paul seated next to each other in the day coach. Holly thumbs a fashion magazine. Paul is engrossed in her note book. After a moment Holly looks up.

HOLLY
Fred?

PAUL
Yes?

HOLLY
Don't you think Sally is marvelous?

73. (Cont'd)

PAUL
I never met a big time gangster before. I must say he wasn't exactly what I'd expected. He seemed very nice, though...

He tries to go back to the notebook, but Holly persists.

HOLLY
Fred...

PAUL
(Looking up once again)
Yes?

HOLLY
If you and I ever get married, promise me that Sally will be there to give the bride away...

PAUL
I thought he was in there twenty-years-to-life...

HOLLY
Well, I don't imagine we'll be getting married much before then anyway...do you?

PAUL
No. The economics are against it. we couldn't afford each other...

HOLLY
That's right.. We're both...reaching for the sky, I guess...but it's nice that we can go along part of the way at least...together...

The rhythm of the train has begun to induce a certain relaxed almost dreamlike quality. Paul falls in with it.

PAUL
Two parallel lines...that never meet....

HOLLY
Two parallel lines...that's exactly what we are...

He reaches over to take her hand. It is already there waiting to be taken. After a moment...

73. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
I've never been a parallel line before...except maybe, I guess, with my brother Fred...

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

74. EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - (DAY)

The parallel lines of the tracks stretch out before us. Now, the train comes ROARING over them.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

75. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Begin on CLOSE SHOT of the carriage of Paul's typewriter being slammed back in the opposite direction from the train in the previous shot. The typewriter bell RINGS. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Paul typing furiously. He is about half way down a page. A stack of completed pages rests proudly at his elbow. His concentration is intense. He is, for example, totally unaware of a SOUND that drifts lazily up through his open window. It is Holly, SINGING and ACCOMPANYING herself on the guitar. The song is a plaintive prairie melody the words of which seem to be: "Don't wanna live, don't wanna die, just wanna go a-travelin' through the pastures of the sky." Paul's concentration reaches its climax as he finishes the story he is writing and adds those two glorious words: THE END. He pulls the sheets from the typewriter (separating the carbons) and, pencil in hand, reads over the page he has written, making minor corrections with a pencil. Now and only now, does he becomes aware of the sound of Holly's voice. The volume increases as it begins to intrude on his (our) consciousness. He finishes proof-reading the page, puts it behind the others making a complete manuscript, puts the script down on the desk, picks up a cigarette, lights it, and walks slowly to the window and looks out.

76. EXT. HOLLY'S FIRE ESCAPE - (LATE AFTERNOON) - (PAUL'S POV)

Holly, her hair newly washed, is sitting in a robe, SINGING and gently STRUMMING her guitar. She looks up, sees Paul and waves.

77. INT. PAUL'S WINDOW - (LATE AFTERNOON)

He smiles back. Pantomimes the guitar strumming and mouths the words: "Very nice..."

78. EXT. HOLLY ON FIRE ESCAPE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Holly smiles, raises her eyebrows questioningly and mouths: "What about you?"

79. INT. PAUL'S WINDOW - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul grins and pantomimes typing. Two finger typing.

80. EXT. HOLLY - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Holly nods approval and goes back to her guitar. Paul returns to -

81. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul, still smiling, goes back to his desk, stacks the pages, finds a paper clip and puts them together. He takes a brown manila envelope out of the desk, starts to address and hesitates. He gets up and goes to a table where a vast number of magazines are piled. Thoughtfully, he picks up a number of slick, big league magazines, rejecting them, one by one: THE NEW YORKER, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, etc... Finally settling on something called THE NORTHWESTERN REVIEW...He carries it back to the desk, copies the address onto his envelope with pen and ink. He inserts the manuscript, stamps the envelope and is about to seal it when another thought strikes him. Grinning, he takes out a second envelope, scribbles his own name and address on it, stamps it, folds it and puts it, with the manuscript into the envelope. He is just sealing it when the door buzzer SOUNDS. He scoops up the envelope quickly, like a guilty child and hides it in the desk drawer. Then, after bracing himself for a moment, he goes to the door and admits 2E. She seems strangely upset.

PAUL
Well, hello...

2E closes the door quickly behind herself and motions Paul to be quiet.

PAUL
What's the matter?

81. (Cont'd)

ZE
I don't know...it's probably nothing. But...

She leads him over to the front window and, in the best Hitchcock movie tradition, cautiously draws a corner of the blind aside.

PAUL
What is it?

ZE
I want to see if he's still there.

PAUL
If who's still there? What are you talking about?

She indicates the street.

82. EXT. THE STREET (FROM THE WINDOW) - (LATE AFTERNOON)

A man is loitering across the way, casting occasional glances at the house. He is in his early fifties with a hard weathered face and gray forlorn eyes. He wears a sweat-stained gray hat and a cheap dark blue suit. His shoes are brown and brand new.

83. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON)

ZE
I noticed him yesterday afternoon. But I didn't say anything. I didn't want to sound neurotic... but when he was there again today...

PAUL
Who do you think he is?

ZE
It could be anybody, of course. But what crossed my mind was: suppose Bill's found out about us and is having us watched...

PAUL
Okay. I'll take care of this...

83. (Cont'd)

2E
No, don't...please. If that's what it is you'll only make everything worse...

Paul puts on his jacket and prepares to go down.

PAUL
I'll be careful. You wait here...

2E
Please, darling, I don't think...

PAUL
Take it easy. I just want to find out what this is all about...

He goes quickly out the door.

84. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul, moving carefully but with studied casualness comes out of the vestibule and down the steps. He looks, with even more casualness, around to see if the man is still there.

85. EXT. THE MAN (PAUL'S POV) - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The man is standing across the street. He sees Paul and quickly and not very skillfully pretends to be reading a newspaper.

86. EXT. THE STREET - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul walks slowly to the corner and pauses at a fire hydrant to tie his shoe. As he does so he sneaks a fast look back.

87. EXT. THE MAN (PAUL'S POV) - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The man is casually crossing the street to Paul's side and is very slowly beginning to make his way toward him.

88. EXT. STREET CORNER - (LATE AFTERNOON)

88. (Cont'd)

Paul heads west, crossing the Avenue. The man continues to follow.

89. EXT. CORNER OF FIFTH AVE & 64TH STREET - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul stops for a red light. The man, who is much closer now, comes almost abreast of him. Also waiting for the light is a lady with a sleazy Pomeranian. The man stoops over to pet the dog. When he speaks his voice is a hoarse, countrified drawl.

THE MAN
That's a mighty fine animal you got there...

The light changes and Paul crosses the street. The man follows. Paul moves down the steps into -

90. EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The man follows. By now he is close enough for Paul to HEAR that he is whistling. The tune is hauntingly familiar. Paul, as he walks, tries to figure out where he has heard it before. Suddenly it dawns on him. The tune the man is whistling is Holly's 'Pastures of the sky' melody. Paul's eyebrows go up with curiosity. He moves into -

91. INT. PARK CAFETERIA - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul moves down the line, gets himself a cup of coffee, pays for it and moves out onto-

92. EXT. CAFETERIA TERRACE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

There are many empty tables, in fact, at this hour the terrace is almost deserted. Paul selects a table and sits. The man comes out of the cafeteria onto the terrace. Moving almost aimlessly he comes toward the table where Paul is seated and, finally, ignoring all the other empty tables on the terrace, seats himself at Paul's table. He sets his coffee in front of him. For a moment the two men wait, looking quietly at the two untouched cups of coffee.

92. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Okay. What do you want?

THE MAN
Son, I need a friend.

Paul watches with mounting curiosity as the man reaches into his pocket and withdraws a wallet - it is as worn and leathery as his hands - almost, in fact, falling to pieces. From it he takes an equally worn snapshot which he hands to Paul.

THE MAN
That's me. That's her. And that's her brother Fred.

Paul takes the snapshot and looks at it curiously.

93. INSERT - THE SNAPSHOT

There are seven people in the picture, all grouped together on the sagging porch of a stark wooden house. And all are children except for the man himself who has his arm around the waist of a plump little girl who stands with her hand shading her eyes against the sun. The little girl has a clear, if embryonic resemblance to Holly.

94. EXT. THE TABLE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul continues to study the snapshot. Then he looks up amazed.

PAUL
You're Holly's father?

THE MAN
Her name's not Holly. She was Lulumae Barnes. Was...til' she married me. I'm her husband... Doc Golightly. I'm a horse doctor. Animal man. Do some farming too. Near Tulip, Texas.

Paul laughs. But it is a nervous laugh without humor.

DOC
This here's no humorous mat

94. (Cont'd)

DOC (Cont'd)
son. Her brother Fred's getting out of the army soon. Lulamae belongs home with her husband, her brother and her churren...

PAUL
Children?

DOC
(Indicating the snapshot)
Them's her churren...

Paul sits for a moment, staring wide-eyed at Doc. Neither has made the slightest move to touch his coffee. Finally Paul indicates the full coffee cups.

PAUL
Finished?

DOC
Yeah.

PAUL
Me too. Let's take a little walk.

They rise. Doc takes a change purse out of another pocket, snaps it open, finds a dime and leaves it on the table as a tip. He puts the purse back in his pocket and they move off.

95. EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The CAMERA FOLLOWS as they walk past the lines of cages. Doc is talking.

DOC
Now, son, I didn't claim they was her natural-born churren. Their own precious mother, precious woman, passed away July 4th, Independence Day, 1955. The year of the drought. When I married Lulamae she was going on fourteen. Maybe an ordinary person, being only fourteen, wouldn't know their own mind. But you take Lulamae, she was an exceptional person.

95. (Cont'd)

They are passing now the refreshment wagon at the southeast corner of the zoo. Doc stops, buys a box of crackerjack, paying for it again from his change purse. After the purchase is completed, they move on.

DOC
I tell you, son, she plain broke our hearts when she ran off like she done.

They are a little way out of the zoo, just past the pony rides. By a kind of unspoken agreement, they, moving as one person and without discussion, drop onto a bench.

PAUL
What about her brother? Didn't he leave too?

DOC
No sir. Fred was with us till they took him in the army. That's what I got to talk to her about. I had a letter from him. He gits out of the army in February. That's why I got on the Greyhound bus and come to git her. Her place is with her husband and churren and brother. I know she's sorry for what she done. I know she wants to come home...

Through this, Doc has been fruitlessly fingering the crackerjack box trying to get it open - this action has been almost unconscious and totally unsuccessful. Paul finally reaches over, takes it from him and undoes the wrapping. He lifts off the top and takes out the prize - in this case a plain, gold-looking metal ring. He offers it to Doc.

DOC
(Noticing the proffered ring)
Huh?

PAUL
The prize in the box of crackerjack. You want it?

Doc shakes his head. Paul starts to toss it away, then, for no reason whatever, puts it, instead in his pocket. He hands the box to Doc, who begins, casually, paying no real attention to what he is doing, to toss a few kernels of crackerjack on the ground in front of him.

95. (Cont'd)

DOC
Never could understand why that woman run off. Don't tell me she wasn't happy. Talky as a jay bird she was. With something smart to say on every subject. Better than the radio.

As he talks now, his Crackerjack has begun to attract pigeons. It is clear that Doc has a way with them. In a moment or two they are eating out of his hand, climbing on his shoulders. He works with them, almost automatically as he talks. He seems completely at home with them and they with him.

DOC
We all doted on that woman. She didn't have to lift a finger, except to eat a piece of pie. Except to comb her hair and send away for all the magazines. We must've had a hundred dollars worth of magazines come to that house. Ask me, that's what done it. Looking at show-off pictures. Reading dreams. That's what started her walking down the road. Every day, she'd walk a little further. A mile and then come home. Two miles and come home. One day, she just kept on...

Some children running by scare away the pigeons. Doc doesn't even seem to notice. He turns to Paul with some intensity.

DOC
Listen, son, I advised you, I need a friend. Because I don't want to surprise her or scare her none. That's why I held off. That's why I been standin' in front of that house the last two days. Be my friend. Let her know I'm here. Will you do that for me, son?

After a moment.

PAUL
Sure, Doc. If that's what you want. Come on.

Dusk has gathered now and the lights on Fifth Avenue and Central Park South have begun to flicker. Against this background the ill-assorted pair rise and move off toward Fifth Avenue.

DISSOLVE TO:

96. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (EVENING)

Doc and Paul approach the house. Doc is nervous. Paul pats his arm and almost ushers him up the steps and into the -

97. INT. VESTIBULE - (EVENING)

Paul fumbles for his key, finally opens the door and holds it for Doc. Doc hesitates once more and fumbles with his tie.

DOC
Do I look nice?

Moved, Paul is unable to answer. He pats the Doc's arm once more, motions for him to stay there and goes quickly up the steps to -

98. INT. HOLLY'S DOORWAY - (EVENING)

Paul comes up the steps to her door. Pauses in front of it, gathering his resources, and then KNOCKS. Holly opens the door almost immediately. She is dressed to the teeth and clearly ready to go out for the evening.

HOLLY
Darling, I'm sorry. I'm just on the way out...I was supposed to have been at Twenty-One a half hour ago...Maybe we can have a drink or something tomorrow...

PAUL
Sure, Lulamae...if you're still here tomorrow...

Holly takes off her dark glasses and squints at him. When she speaks her voice is small and shivery.

HOLLY
He told you that! Oh, please, where is he?

She runs past him, into the hall.

HOLLY
(Calling)
Fred! Fred! Where are you, darling?

Doc's head appears above the bannister. For a moment Holly's eyes fill with disappointment.

98. (Cont'd)

DOC
Gosh, Lulamae...Gee, honey, don't they feed you up here? You're so skinny...and all wild around the eye...

Holly touches his face, testing the reality of his chin, his beard stubble.

HOLLY
Hello, Doc...

Then she kisses him on the cheek.

HOLLY
Hello, Doc...

He lifts her off her feet in a rib-crushing grip. He is shaken by a wave of relief-filled laughter.

DOC
Gosh, Lulamae. Kingdom come...

He carries her into the apartment and the door closes. After a moment Paul slowly climbs the stairs, opens his own door and moves into -

99. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (EVENING)

2E turns anxiously from the window.

2E
What was it, darling? What happened?

PAUL
Nothing. He was nobody. Just a friend of the girl downstairs...

2E
Where were you then? It's been almost an hour...

PAUL
I went for a walk...

2E
For a walk?

PAUL
Just a mile down the road. This time I came back. But it's a start...

99. (Cont'd)

She looks at him, uncomprehendingly - then envelops him in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

100. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (LATE AT NIGHT)

For once all is silent. A light burns in Paul's apartment. Holly's apartment is dark. The light goes out in Paul's apartment. A moment later, the light goes on in Holly's. Presently Paul and 2E emerge from the building. He gets her a cab, puts her in it and the cab drives away. Paul lights a cigarette and stands for a moment, looking up at the building, a thoughtful, troubled expression on his face. A wind is rising. A piece of newspaper blows along the sidewalk making a lonesome sound. As Paul looks upward he is suddenly startled to see the lights go on in his own apartment. With a kind of inaudible "what the hell?" he dashes back into the building to investigate.

DISSOLVE TO:

101. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Paul bursts into the apartment. A single light burns. The fire escape window is open and the curtains are blowing. Holly, her hair disheveled and wearing a raincoat is pouring herself a drink.

HOLLY
Hello...golly, I was afraid you'd gone out somewhere.

PAUL
What is it? Are you all right?

HOLLY
I guess so. No, I'm not... Listen, Fred...will you help me?

PAUL
If I can...

HOLLY
I want you to come to the bus station with us...Doc and me.

PAUL
What?

101. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
I know it's late and everything...

She pours herself another drink.

HOLLY (Cont'd)
He still thinks I'm going back with him...I need support. I don't think I can play the scene alone...

PAUL
Look, it's none of my...I mean I'd only...

HOLLY
Please, Fred. I'll tell him you're coming down to see us off...

He starts to protest further, but she stops him.

HOLLY
Don't say anything. Just meet us out front...in about five minutes... please!

With which she kisses him quickly on the cheek, finishes the rest of her drink in a nervous gulp and goes quickly out the window and down the fire escape. Paul watches her go, pours himself a fast drink which he belts down, shakes his head and begins to put on his jacket.

DISSOLVE TO:

102. INT. BUS STATION - (LATE AT NIGHT)

The bus terminal at 34th Street is a lonely place after midnight. A few people sleeping on benches. A drunk or two. The occasional public address announcement of buses leaving for far off and unlikely sounding places echoes with mournful hollowness. As the PA System call Doc's bus, Doc, flanked by Paul and Holly is taking a worn valise out of a locker.

DOC
Come on, Lulumae...that's us.

PAUL
(Uneasily)
Why don't I see if I can find you something to read...

102. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Please, Fred. Don't leave me... Doc...

DOC
Yes?

HOLLY
Doc...I'm not going with you.

DOC
Lulamae...

She takes his arm and begins to walk him toward the loading platform where the bus, now almost completely loaded, is waiting.

HOLLY
Let's just walk together quietly... and I'll try to help you understand... Come on, Fred. Help me talk to him.

PAUL
Doc...

DOC
(Gently)
That's all right, son. I appreciate you want to help. But it's between Lulamae and me...I love you, Lulamae...

HOLLY
I know you do. And that's just the trouble. It's a mistake you always made, Doc. Trying to love a wild thing.
(To Paul)
He was always lugging home wild things. Once it was a hawk with a broken wing. Another time it was a full-grown wildcat with a broken leg.
(To Doc)
Remember, Doc?

DOC
Lulamae...

HOLLY
Please, Doc. Let me talk. You mustn't give your heart to a wild thing. The more you do the stronger they get. Until they're strong enough to run into the woods. Or fly into a tree. And then to a higher tree. Then to the sky.

102. (Cont'd)

They have passed through the gates and are now standing by the bus.

DOC
Lulamae, there's something I got to tell you...two weeks ago I had a letter from young Fred...

HOLLY
From Fred! Oh, Doc...is he all right? He is all right, isn't he? Isn't he?

DOC
Yeah, he's fine, I guess. And he's gittin' out of the army in February. That's what he wrote to say.

Holly's eyes widen as the full implication of the news strikes home.

HOLLY
Fred? In February? That's only...
(She counts rapidly on her fingers)
...one...two...three...four months...Oh, Doc...

DOC
So you see, you got to come back, Lulamae. Your place is with your husband and your churren and your brother.

HOLLY
Doc, you got to understand...I can't come back.

DOC
And you got to understand what I'm trying to tell you.

The final call for the bus echoes over the scene.

DOC
(Continuing)
If you don't come back with me... I'm going to write to Fred and tell him less he wants to look out for himself he better sign up for another hitch.

102. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Don't you do that, Doc...don't you write that to him...I'll write to him myself...and tell him I want him here with me...I'll take care of him, Doc...don't you worry about that...I'll take care of him.

DOC
You're talkin' crazy, Lulamae.

HOLLY
Please, Doc, stop calling me that! I'm not Lulamae anymore...

DOC
All right, Lulamae...I guess you know what you're doing...
(To Paul)
Keep an eye on her, will you, son? At least see that she eats something once in a while...she's so skinny...

He turns and quickly boards the bus. In a moment his face appears at a window.

HOLLY
(Calling to Doc through the window, although he cannot hear her)
Please, Doc, please understand! I love you...but I'm just not Lulamae anymore! I'm not! I'm not!

The bus pulls out...for a moment Holly stands with tears streaming down her face. Paul puts his arm around her, picks up her suitcase and leads her back along the empty platform.

HOLLY
You know the terrible thing, Fred darling? I am still Lulamae... fourteen years old, stealing turkey eggs and running through a briar patch...only now, darling, I call it having the mean reds...

She pulls herself together after a moment.

HOLLY (Cont'd)
It's still a little early to go to Tiffany's. So I guess the next best

102. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
thing is a drink. Yes, I very, very much need a drink. Come on, Fred, will you buy me one...

PAUL
Sure...

DISSOLVE TO:

103. INT. BAR - (NIGHT)

A honky-tonk bar on Eighth Avenue in the West Forties. Holly and Paul at the bar. They have been there for about three drinks, and are deeply engrossed in conversation.

PAUL
Did you ever divorce him?

HOLLY
Divorce him? Of course I never divorced him! I was only fourteen for Pete's sake! It couldn't possibly have been legal! Darling, could we have two more of these glorious things?

PAUL
Let's walk a little. Then we'll have some more...

HOLLY
All right...we'll pub-crawl our way home. But darling, you've to promise me one thing...you won't take me home until I'm drunk...until I'm very, very drunk indeed...

PAUL
(Almost tenderly)
Come on, let's get out of here...

DISSOLVE TO:

104. EXT. WEST 52ND STREET - (NIGHT)

They are walking east along West Fifty-Second Street, between Sixth and Fifth. From this point Holly's conversation gradually grows more and more light-headed.

104. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Doc must be in the Blue Mountains by now.

PAUL
(Looks at his watch)
By my calculations he is exactly two miles south of Weehawken, New Jersey...

HOLLY
And this little pig went: wee wee weehawken all the way home...I think we should have a drink to wish Doc luck...

They have come abreast of a garish strip joint, complete with BLARING MUSIC from within and a SPIELLING DOORMAN. Paul tries to ease her past it.

PAUL
Not here. This is just a sucker trap.

HOLLY
And I am Holly Golightly, the world's number one sucker. You know that by now don't you, Fred darling...

She leads him into the joint.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. INT. STRIP JOINT - (NIGHT)

A circular bar with small stage in the middle. MUSIC BLARES and a young lady is removing her clothes. Paul and Holly are seated at the bar. It is dark and noisy. Holly, for the moment oblivious of her surroundings, is toasting:

HOLLY
Dear Doc...always remember, it's better to look at the sky than live there. Such an empty place... the sky...Just a country where thunder goes and things disappear...

A DRUM ROLL (of the sort that generally accompanies bumps and grinds) attracts her wandering attention to the stage. She removes her sun glasses for a better look. They both study the young lady for a moment or two.

105. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Do you think she's talented? Deeply and importantly talented?

PAUL
No-o-o...amusingly and superficially talented - yes. But deeply and importantly, no...

HOLLY
I don't think she's deeply and importantly talented either...As a matter of fact, I think I could do what she's doing just as well. If not better.

106. INT. STAGE - (PAUL'S & HOLLY'S POV) - (NIGHT)

The young lady is nearing the climax of her act. She turns her back and undoes her bra. She starts to turn back.

107. INT. PAUL & HOLLY - (NIGHT)

HOLLY
Gracious!
(After a moment)
Do you think she is handsomely paid?

PAUL
Indeed. I have been given to understand that young ladies who remove their clothes publicly to music frequently make thousands of dollars a week...

Holly considers this with drunken intensity for a moment.

HOLLY
Well, let me tell you something, Mister. If I had her money I'd be richer than she is!

PAUL
How do you figure?

HOLLY
(With great craftiness)
Because I'd keep the candy store...

(Continued)

107. (Cont'd)

Paul looks blank.

HOLLY
Old Sally Tomato. That's my candy store. And I'm always going to keep Sally so that's why I'd be richer than she is.

PAUL
Come on. I think we better get a little more air...

DISSOLVE TO:

108. EXT. 52nd STREET - (NIGHT)

They are walking up the street. Holly clings to him ever so slightly for support. They are now passing the iron gates of Twenty-One. Holly stops.

HOLLY
'Twenty-One' ...world famous rendezvous of the great...meeting place of the famous...haunt of movie stars... account executives and...
(Considers for a moment)
...international polo players... Shall we pop in for a quick one... just to see who's there...

PAUL
I think better not. Personally, not being an international polo player...are you sure polo players?

HOLLY
Figure of speech.

PAUL
That's what I thought...

HOLLY
Exactly...aphorism...or euphemism or some kind of mism...anyway, it may be Twenty-One to you...but you know what it is to me...the mess hall...that's what I call it...the mess hall...and you want to know why I call it the mess hall...because I have dinner there every night of my life. Every Tom, Dick and Harry...

108. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
no...correction...every Tom, Dick and Sid...Harry was his friend... also in the machine tool business, however...Anyway, every Tom, Dick and Sid thinks if he takes a girl to Twenty-One for dinner she'll just curl up like a kitten in a little furry ball at his feet... Right?

PAUL
If you say so. You're the authority...

HOLLY
I have by actual count been taken to Twenty-One by twenty-six different rats in the last two months. Twenty-seven, if you include Benny Shacklett, who is, in many ways, a super-rat... And do you know something funny? In spite of the fact that most of these rats...or, in the case of Benny Shacklett, super-rats, fork up fifty bucks for the powder room like little dolls...I find I have, again by actual count...nine dollars less in the old bank account than I had six months ago...And Fred gets out of the army in February...so there's not much time... you see that don't you Fred...there's not much time...

DISSOLVE TO:

109 EXT. BROWNSTONE - (NIGHT)

Holly and Paul, she leaning even more heavily on him than before, come weaving up the block.

HOLLY
-- so my darling Fred, I have this night made a very serious decision...no longer will I play "The Field"..."The Field" stinks... both economically and socially... and I am giving it up...

THE CAMERA moves with them as they mount the steps and enter the -

110. INT. VESTIBULE - (NIGHT)

Paul searches for his key but cannot find it. Holly does not bother to look for hers but simply presses Yunioshi's bell, keeping her finger on it until finally the door clicks open.

HOLLY
Goodbye "Field"...goodbye all you rats...and/or super-rats as the case may be.

At this point the door opens and Holly and Paul move into -

111. INT. STAIRWAY - (NIGHT)

HOLLY
(To the door)
Thank you... And as Holly Golightly sinks slowly into the West she bids a fond Aloha to Tom, Dick and Harry...no...Tom, Dick and Sid...Harry was his friend...

As they weave their way up the stairs we hear over her voice the irate cries of Mr. Yunioshi.

MR. YUNIOSEI'S VOICE (O.S.)
Miss Golightly this time I will call not only the police but the Fire Department, the New York State Housing Commission and if necessary the Board of Health.

HOLLY
...and my friend Miss Golightly further announces...
(She suddenly becomes aware of Mr. Yunioshi's voice. She bellows sternly up at him)
Quiet up there! You want to wake the whole house!

Holly gets her key from under the door mat, then struggles with it. Paul takes it from her and hastily opens the door and pushes her into -

112. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Paul closes the door behind him. He switches on the

112. (Cont'd)

light. The cat is sitting on a packing case watching them. During the next speeches, Holly takes off her raincoat and drops it on the floor. Paul picks it up, looks for somewhere to hang it, realizes there is no such place, and folds it neatly over a packing case. Holly, lurching a little, finds the whiskey bottle and pours herself a drink.

HOLLY
As Miss Golightly was saying before she was so rudely interrupted...Miss Golightly further announces her intention to devote her not-inconsiderable talents to the immediate capture, for the purposes of matrimony, of Mr. Rutherford "Rusty" to his friends, of whom I am sure he has many) Trawler...

PAUL
Who?

HOLLY
Rusty Trawler. You met him at my party a couple of weeks ago. He came with Mag Wildwood...not the beautiful Latin-type. The other one. The one who looks like a pig.

She puffs out her cheeks by way of illustration.

HOLLY (cont'd)
Remember? The ninth richest man in America under fifty-five?

She starts to pour more whiskey into her glass but the bottle is empty - a fact she does not immediately notice.

HOLLY
Ah! Do I detect a look of disapproval in your eye? Tough beans, buddy. Because that's the way it's going to be.

PAUL
You're drunk.

HOLLY
True. Absolutely true. True but irrelevent. So let's have a drink to the new Mrs. Rusty Trawler. Me.

113. (Cont'd)

POSTMAN
(Interested)
So you're Varjak?

PAUL
That's right...

POSTMAN
Been curious...seen your name on the box about six weeks now...and in all that time there ain't been a single letter...not one...not even a bill...

PAUL
A couple of weeks ago there was a postcard addressed to: Occupant. Doesn't that count? It said if I presented the card to my neighborhood grocer, I'd get twenty cents off on a box of an exciting new no-rinse detergent called, I believe, FLUG... So, of course, I did...

POSTMAN
How did you make out?

PAUL
(Gravely)
Not so good. My neighborhood grocer was kind of surly about it, and anyway he said the offer was only good for the Family Size box...and I figured, you know,...I'm a bachelor ...what do I want with the Family Size...so the whole thing kind of deteriorated...but...

POSTMAN
Mr. Varjak!

PAUL
Yeah?

POSTMAN
I think the tide has begun to turn...

PAUL
How do you mean?

POSTMAN
A letter!

113. (Cont'd)

PAUL
For me!

POSTMAN
That's right.
(Then with a certain amount of ceremony)
Congratulations!

He hands Paul the letter. Paul holds it for a moment and stares at it curiously.

POSTMAN
Come on and open it! I can't stand the suspense...

Paul opens the envelope. It contains a letter and a check. Paul reads the letter eagerly.

114. INSERT - THE LETTER

On the letterhead of The Northwestern Review, it says: "Dear Mr. Varjak: We are pleased to accept for publication in our December issue your short story entitled 'City Girl'. Enclosed please find our check for fifty dollars. We regret that, as we are as you know, a small literary magazine we cannot pay more; however, we flatter ourselves by thinking that the prestige attached to..."

115. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAY)

Paul does not even bother to finish the letter. He looks up, wildly elated....

POSTMAN
Good news?

PAUL
Yeah. Yeah...maybe you're right... maybe the tide is beginning to turn...

He SLAPS the somewhat startled postman heartily on the back and dashes wildly back into the house.

116. INT. STAIRWELL - (DAY)

Paul takes the stairs two at a time and dashes back up to -

117. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

He bursts in, goes to the desk, sits down, re-reads the letter once more...takes out the check...looks at it...puts it in his wallet...then picks up the phone and dials a number.

PAUL
(Into phone, after a moment)
Mrs. Fahnstock...please...
(He suddenly checks himself)
No, wait a minute. Forget it. Wrong number...

He hangs up the phone. He picks up the letter...and paces around the room. He is too excited. He has to tell someone. He puts on his jacket and, still carrying the letter, goes out the door and -

118. INT. STAIRWELL - (DAY)

Down the stairs to -

119 INT. HOLLY'S DOOR - (DAY)

He stands in front of the door for a moment. As he does so, he looks down and sees the DAILY NEWS lying beside a bottle of milk on Holly's doorstep. He finds the headline rivetting. It says: RUSTY TRAWLER TAKES FOURTH...

Horror-struck, he reaches slowly down and picks up the newspaper. Below the headline there is some smaller print and a large picture. He studies it for a moment. Then a grin spreads across his face. Then he begins to laugh.

120. INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

There is a large picture of a fat, beaming Rusty Trawler emerging from a building. On his arm is an equally fat, equally beaming female. The smaller print reads: "Millionaire playboy Rutherford 'Rusty' Trawler eloped to Greenwich yesterday with Mildred Hartford White, heiress to White Steamship fortune..."

121. INT HOLLY'S DOORWAY - (DAY)

Still laughing with relief, Paul RINGS Holly's buzzer. He waits and then RINGS again. Then a third time. Finally the door opens a crack and Holly, sleep mask pushed up, ear plugs in and holding a robe in front of her peers dazedly out.

PAUL
Hello...

122. CLOSE SHOT - PAUL - (HOLLY'S ANGLE) - (DAY)

He is quite clearly apologizing for waking her and in general making very eloquent "let's bury the hatchet" noises. However, as in their first meeting, because she still has her ear plugs in, his lips move in silence. Holly struggles dimly to make out what he is saying, toys briefly with the idea that she has gone deaf overnight then, remembers and removes her ear plugs. Paul comes in LOUD and CLEAR and in mid-sentence.

PAUL
...sort of embarrassed about it, really, but since it's about you anyway, I thought I ought to tell you about it in person...

HOLLY
What?

PAUL
What? Oh, the plugs...you didn't... well, oh hell, I can't go through the whole thing again...sufficient to say I've come to make up....and, as an added inducement, I've got all kinds of news...May I come in?

HOLLY
I guess so...let me see...do I have a nightgown on?

She looks down behind the dressing gown she is holding in front of herself.

HOLLY
No, I don't...Do you mind turning around for a second...or never mind...it's such a corny line anyway...I'll turn around myself.

122. (Cont'd)

She turns and deftly gets into the robe as Paul closes the door. The cat rubs up against his legs.

PAUL
Hi, Cat...
(To Holly)
Have you seen the papers?

By now, of course, they have moved into -

123. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Paul hands her the newspaper.

HOLLY
Oh, you mean Rusty?...Yes, I know all about it. I certainly had him pegged wrong, didn't I? I thought he was just a rat. But I underestimated him, I did. He was a super-rat all along. A super-rat in rat's clothing. It's hardly fair.

Honestly, Fred darling...you were absolutely right about him from the beginning. I should have listened to you all along. And you don't even know the best part. Not only was he a rat - or a super-rat, rather, but he was also broke...

Paul's eyebrows go up.

HOLLY (Cont'd)
Broke, I mean, but not a farthing! His family has money, of course, but he personally is broke. We had it out the other night, and not only is he broke but it turns out he owes seven hundred thousand dollars. Anyway that's why he decided to marry the Queen of the Pig People...

They both look at the photograph a moment more.

HOLLY
Wouldn't you know a girl who looks like that would be a steamship heiress, whatever that is? Wouldn't it be wonderful though, if she's really broke too. If they were

123. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
marrying each other for their money and...but I suppose that's really too much to hope for...

She tosses down the paper.

HOLLY (Cont'd)
Anyway, they were made for each other and I hope they'll be terribly happy. Now what about you, Fred darling? I've missed you. Our little midnight excursions up and down the fire escape and everything. I really have.

PAUL
I've been working...As a matter of fact, I sold a story...just got word this morning.

He hands her the letter which Holly reads quickly.

HOLLY
Oh that's just marvelous...it really is...but...

PAUL
Yes?

HOLLY
How does your decorator friend feel about it? I thought you were supposed to be saving yourself and all that.

PAUL
You know something? I haven't quite got around to telling her yet. Look, why don't we go out and have a drink or take a walk or something to celebrate...

HOLLY
All right...I think there's some champagne in the ice box...why don't you open it while I get dressed?

He goes to the icebox and takes out the champagne.

123. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Okay. I don't think I've ever drunk champagne before breakfast before. With breakfast - yes. On several occasions. But never before.

HOLLY
Now I've got a really wonderful idea! We could spend the whole day doing things we've never done before. We'll take turns. First something you've never done. Then me. Of course, I can't really think of anything I've never done but...

At this point he works the champagne cork loose. It goes off with a pop. As the CAMERA HOLDS on the bubbling champagne -

DISSOLVE TO:

124. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET - (DAY)

It is a clear, sunny fall morning, brisk and beautiful. The kind of day that inspires such cliches as: "God, how I love New York in the fall." Holly and Paul are walking hand in hand down the Avenue.

HOLLY
I've never been for a walk in the morning before. At least not since I've been in New York. I've walked up Fifth Avenue at six but as far as I'm concerned that's still night. So do you think it counts?

PAUL
Sure it counts. Now we're even.

They have crossed 57th Street and are now standing -

125. EXT. TIFFANY'S - (DAY)

Holly stops and leads him to the store window.

HOLLY
Don't you just love it?

PAUL
Love what?

125. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Tiffany's. I do. And it's not that I give a hoot about jewelry. Except diamonds of course.
(She points at a diamond necklace in the window)
Like that.

PAUL
Very nice. You want to slip it on?

Taking her gently by the shoulders he moves her so that her reflection in the glass places the diamond necklace around her neck.

PAUL
(After a moment)
What do you think?

HOLLY
(Weighing her answer with mock seriousness)
No...no...I don't think so. Actually I think it's tacky to wear diamonds before you're forty. And even then it's risky. They only look right on the really old girls. Maria Ouspenskaya. Wrinkles and bones and white hair and diamonds...I can't wait!

PAUL
You know something?

HOLLY
What?

PAUL
I've never been inside. And it's my turn. Anyway I want to buy you a present.

HOLLY
A present?

PAUL
Sure. You bought me one. The typewriter ribbon, remember? It brought me luck, so come on.

125. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
All right...but Tiffany's is pretty expensive...

PAUL
Well, let's see...

He goes through his pockets taking out several wrinkled bills.

PAUL
I've got...nine...ten dollars. And my check of course.

HOLLY
I won't let you cash your check. But a present for ten dollars or under...that I will accept. Of course I don't know exactly what we're going to find at Tiffany's for ten dollars...

Paul takes her firmly by the arm and marches her into -

126. INT. TIFFANY'S - (DAY)

They are, in spite of themselves, if not exactly awed, at least impressed. They lower their voices slightly.

HOLLY
Don't you just love it though? You see what I mean...how nothing bad could ever happen in a place like this.

A salesman who could pass as an ambassador to the Court of St. James, comes up.

SALESMAN
May I help you?

PAUL
Maybe. Actually, we were looking for a present for the lady.

SALESMAN
Certainly sir. Did you have something special in mind?

PAUL
Well, we had considered diamonds... Now I don't want you to be offended

126. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
...but the lady feels that diamonds are...tacky.

HOLLY
I think they're divine on older women but they wouldn't be right for me. You understand?

SALESMAN
Certainly.

PAUL
In all fairness, I think I ought to explain that there is also a secondary problem. One of finance. We can only afford to spend...well... a limited amount.

SALESMAN
May one ask how limited?

PAUL
Ten dollars.

SALESMAN
Ten dollars?

PAUL
That was the outside figure. Yes.

SALESMAN
I see.

HOLLY
Do you have anything for ten dollars?

SALESMAN
Frankly, Madame, within that price range, I must say the variety of merchandise is somewhat limited... but I think we do have...let me see... as a novelty...you understand... for the lady or gentleman who has everything...

He produces from inside the case a small velvet box which he opens.

SALESMAN
A fourteen carat gold toothpick. At seven dollars fifty. Plus tax.

126. (Cont'd)

PAUL
(Dubiously)
A fourteen carat gold toothpick?

SALESMAN
Yes, Sir. At seven dollars fifty, plus tax.

PAUL
Well, the price is right but I must say...I had rather hoped for something slightly more...how shall I say it...romantic in feeling.
(To Holly)
What do you think?

HOLLY
Well, uh...as toothpicks go... it certainly is handsome but... You do understand?

SALESMAN
I do. Personally, speaking only for myself of course, I must say I find the very concept of a solid gold toothpick somewhat...repellent.

PAUL
What else could you show us?

SALESMAN
I am very much afraid, Sir, that the gold toothpick is our only under-ten-dollar item.

PAUL
Well, we tried...but I guess...

Something catches his eye. He nudges Holly and points.

PAUL
Hey, look...

He is pointing to a discreet sign on the counter that reads: "Monogramming, Ten Dollars Extra."

PAUL
We could have something monogrammed, couldn't we?

SALESMAN
(Thoughtfully)
I suppose so...yes, indeed. But the

126. (Cont'd)

SALESMAN (Cont'd)
problem is...you would more or less have to buy something first. If only in order to have an object on which the monogram could be placed. You see the difficulty...

Paul is going through his pockets. He now comes upon the ring from the Crackerjack box.

PAUL
How about this...we could have it monogrammed...right here...I think it would be very smart.

He hands the ring to the salesman, who examines it quickly.

SALESMAN
This was not, I take it, purchased at Tiffany's?

PAUL
No...actually it was purchased concurrent with...or rather came inside of...well...a box of Crackerjack.

SALESMAN
I see.

He studies the ring thoughtfully for some time.

SALESMAN
Do they really still put prizes in Crackerjack boxes?

PAUL
Oh yes.

SALESMAN
That's good to know. It gives one a feeling of solidarity...a continuity with the past and that sort of thing.

HOLLY
Do you think Tiffany's would really monogram it for us? You don't think they'd feel it was beneath them or anything?

SALESMAN
You will find, Madame, that Tiffany's is very understanding. If you will

(Continued)

126. (Cont'd)

SALESMAN (Cont'd)
tell me what initials you would like, I believe we could have it ready for you in the morning.

HOLLY
(To Paul)
Didn't I tell you this was a lovely place.

Impulsively she leans across the counter and kisses the salesman on the cheek. He is rather more pleased by this than shocked.

SALESMAN
Very well, Madame. Now if you would step upstairs with me, we can discuss the style of the lettering. I myself lean toward the conservative Old English. However, there are a number of modern designs that many find...

As he leads them away -

DISSOLVE TO:

127. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AT 42ND STREET - (DAY)

Paul and Holly are crossing 42nd Street on the west side of the Avenue. They still hold hands and, while they are beginning to weaken physically, their high spirits remain unabated.

HOLLY
Golly, my feet hurt. Maybe we should sit down somewhere.

PAUL
Okay.

He takes her arm and leads her up the steps of the Public Library.

HOLLY
Where are we going?

PAUL
You wanted to sit down.

HOLLY
What is this place, anyway?

127. (Cont'd)

PAUL
The Public Library. You've never...?

She shakes her head.

HOLLY
That's two for me! Come on, let's go...

They mount gaily up the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

128. INT. CARD-FILE ROOM - PUBLIC LIBRARY - (DAY)

HOLLY
(Looking around curiously)
I don't see any books.

PAUL
Each one of those little drawers is stuffed with little cards and each little card is either a book or an author.

HOLLY
I think that's just fascinating.

She moves along the wall of the card-files searching for something. She finds the "V's", then the proper drawers, pulls it out, searches a moment longer and then finds a card.

HOLLY
Look! Isn't it marvelous! There you are right in the Public Library: "Varjak, Paul. NINE STORIES." And then a lot of numbers. You think they really have the book itself? Live?

Paul grins, pulls out the card and starts towards the cage.

DISSOLVE TO:

129. INT. READING ROOM - (DAY)

PAUL
(Whispering)
Now when our number lights up,

129. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
you just go to the desk and pick up the book. That's all there is to it.

A number flashes on the board.

PAUL
Twenty-seven. That's us.

HOLLY
This is exciting.

They go up to the cage.

HOLLY
(To librarian)
Number twenty-seven please. NINE STORIES by Varjak, Paul.

The librarian wordlessly hands her the book.

HOLLY
(Very chatty)
Did you ever read it? It's absolutely marvelous....

LIBRARIAN
No, I'm afraid I...

HOLLY
Well, you should.
(Indicating Paul)
He wrote it. He's Varjak, Paul. In person.

The Librarian is deeply unimpressed by this intelligence. Paul is embarrassed.

PAUL
Holly, please!

HOLLY
(Indignantly)
She doesn't believe me. Show her your driver's license, or your Diner's Club card or something.
(To Librarian)
Honest. He really is the author! Cross my heart and kiss my elbow!

129. (Cont'd)

LIBRARIAN
Would you kindly lower your voice, Miss?

Holly is struck with a sudden thought. She picks up the book and hands it to Paul.

HOLLY
Why don't you autograph it for them?
(To Librarian)
Don't you think that would be nice? Sort of make it more personal...

LIBRARIAN
Really, Miss, I must insist that you...

HOLLY
(To Paul)
Go ahead. Don't be so stuck up! Autograph it for them.

Paul, suddenly amused, gets over his embarrassment and falls into the spirit of the game.

PAUL
All right. What do you think I should say?

HOLLY
Something sentimental, I think.

Paul picks up the book and begins to write in the flyleaf.

LIBRARIAN
What are you doing? Stop it! You're defacing public property...

Paul finishes writing and pushes the book toward the Librarian.

HOLLY
(To Librarian)
All right, if that's the way you feel about it!
(To Paul)
Come on, Fred darling, let's get out of here. I don't think this place is <u>half</u> as nice as Tiffany's!

129. (Cont'd)

She takes his arm and they move off. The CAMERA STAYS for a moment on the somewhat bewildered Librarian who looks curiously down at what Paul has written.

LIBRARIAN
(Reading aloud)
"To the New York Public Library--
In memory of those glorious, star-
drenched Bermuda nights. Your
friend, Varjak, Paul."

Her stuffiness collapses and she at last permits herself a slight, librarian-type smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

130. EXT. THIRD AVENUE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

It gets dark early on October afternoons in New York. Dusk has begun to fall. The street lights have just come on. Paul and Holly, more subdued now, are walking homeward. They are passing Woolworth's. Suddenly Holly stops.

HOLLY
Wait a minute...did you ever
steal anything from the Five
and Ten? When you were a kid,
I mean?

PAUL
(Considers this
for a moment)
No. I was the sensitive, bookish
type. Content to lie in the tall
grass and dream my dreams. Did you?

HOLLY
I used to. I mean I had to. If
I wanted anything. But I still do
it every now and then. Sort of to
keep my hand in.

PAUL
Well, I don't think we...

HOLLY
Come on. Don't be chicken.
Anyway you've never done it,
and it's your turn.

Paul allows himself to be lead into -

131. INT. FIVE AND TEN - (LATE AFTERNOON)

As it is October, Halloween masks and paper pumpkins are featured. This sequence, played entirely without dialogue, should be acted and photographed exactly as if it were the climax of RIFIFI. It starts as a game but gradually builds its own, very genuine tension. Paul's fear of public disgrace if they are detected is enough to give the whole thing a very real edge. Holly is clearly the leader. Her eyes go craftily from side to side, casing the store. Sweat begins to break out on Paul's forehead. Holly indicates with her eyes that they will try for a bowl of goldfish. Paul, terrified, pantomimes that this is really too ambitious. Holly stalks the goldfish, indicating in pantomime that Paul will conceal them, bowl of water and all, under his jacket. She edges closer and closer to the goldfish. As she is about to strike she feels the steely eye of a floor-walker upon her. Paul and Holly (over-acting violently) pantomime extreme innocence and move on. They head toward a counter where the attention of the salesgirl is held by a group of nuns trying on Halloween masks. Moving with great daring and purity of line, Holly selects a mask and puts it on. She selects another and puts it on Paul. By this time Paul is ready to run for it. His eyes, through the mask, show panic. Holly studies him for a moment. She is clearly dissatisfied with the selection. She removes his mask and replaces it with a different one. Satisfied now, she takes his hand and they walk casually toward the door. The tension mounts, but they make their getaway. A moment later they are safely on -

132. EXT. THIRD AVENUE SIDEWALK - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Laughing wildly with relief, they begin to run up the block. On the corner they see a policeman. Paul freezes but Holly takes his hand and they keep running. As they pass the cop, Holly says: "BOO"! The policeman laughs. They laugh. And continue running.

DISSOLVE TO:

133. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Still wearing the masks and, exhausted now from running and laughing, they reach the door. Hand in hand they mount the steps and enter -

134. INT VESTIBULE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Automatically, Holly's finger starts for Mr. Yunioshi's bell. Paul stops her. They search for their keys and for the first time in history, both find them. The enormous unliklihood of this sets the laughter off once again. They open the door and, still laughing, start up the -

135. INT. STAIRS - (LATE AFTERNOON)

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they climb the stairs to Paul's door which he opens. They enter -

136. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Paul closes the door gently behind them.

For a moment they stand looking at each other through their masks. Their laughter gradually subsides. There is a sudden moment of what is almost awkwardness. They are standing very close together now. The silence is finally broken by Holly. Her voice is very small indeed.

HOLLY
I just thought of something that neither of us has ever done. At least not together...

Still wearing the masks, they move easily and tenderly into each others arms.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

137. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Daylight streams through the window. Paul is still asleep. His mask hangs over the bedpost. As the light hits his eyes he blinks slightly then, quickly, comes awake. He sits bolt upright in bed. He looks around. The room is empty. The fire escape window is open and the curtains are blowing. Holly's mask lies on the floor. He reaches to the floor, pulls on a robe and struggles out of bed. He sees the mask, notes the open window, smiles and, whistling a little, heads for the bathroom

DISSOLVE TO:

138. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Paul, his hair wet and newly combed, comes out of the bathroom. He wears a shirt, trousers, shoes and socks. He goes to the bedpost, unhooks his mask and, carrying it with him, goes quickly to the door, opens it and goes out.

139. INT. STAIRS - (DAY)

Paul races down the stairs to -

140. INT. HOLLY'S DOOR - (DAY)

A milk bottle and newspaper are on the doorstop. He hesitates a moment, smiles, holds his mask up to his face and rings the bell. He rings it again. And again. And again. And again. As there is, quite clearly, no answer he looks down under the doormat for the key. It's not there. Slightly alarmed now he races up -

141. INT. STAIRS - (DAY)

And into -

142. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Still carrying the mask he closes the door behind him. He goes through the fire escape window and climbs out onto -

143. EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - (DAY)

He climbs down the fire escape to Holly's window. He tries the window but finds it is locked. Frustrated for a moment, he looks cautiously around to make sure that he is unobserved, then he takes off a shoe and breaks the window. He reaches through the broken glass, unlocks the window, raises it and climbs into -

144. INT. HOLLY'S BATHROOM - (DAY)

He crosses and gently opens the bathroom door and peers into -

145. INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

It is empty and the bed has not been slept in. He goes through the bedroom, and out into -

146. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

The living room too is empty except for the Cat who is seated with a rather patient expression on his face near an empty dish on the floor. As Paul enters the Cat looks up and meows.

PAUL
Hi Cat. Is the lady of the house at home?

The Cat meows. Then meows again.

PAUL
What's the matter? Hungry?

He goes to the front door, opens it a crack and reaches around bringing in the milk and the newspapers. He closes the door again, then pours some milk into the Cat's dish, and puts the milk away in the icebox.

PAUL
Okay, where is she?

The Cat, busy with its breakfast, ignores him.

PAUL
So you won't talk, huh? Okay if that's the way you want to play it...When the lady gets back tell her Mr. Varjak called.

He goes once more to the front door, stealthily opens it to leave. Something startles him. He ducks quickly back inside and peers out.

147. INT. STAIRS - (PAUL'S POV) - (DAY)

2E is mounting the stairs towards his apartment.

148. INT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

He hastily closes the door and dashes back toward -

149. INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

And into -

150. INT. HOLLY'S BATHROOM - (DAY)

And out the window and up -

151. EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - (DAY)

And back through his window into -

152. INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

The door buzzer is ringing. He goes quickly to the door and opens it, admitting 2E.

PAUL
(A trifle breathless)
I'm sorry...were you ringing long?
I was inside getting dressed...

Simultaneously they both notice that he is still holding Holly's mask in his hand. He is somewhat embarrassed but attempting to be casual, puts it on.

PAUL
Trick or treat?

2E laughs and for a moment the tension is broken.

2E
You're crazy. You know that,
don't you? But I love you anyway...

She moves toward him to be kissed.

PAUL
2E ...

2E
(Noticing something
in his voice)
Yes?

PAUL
I've got to talk to you.

2E
All right...
(Pause)
If this is going to be a serious
discussion...and suddenly I am
terribly afraid it is...you're

152. (Cont'd)

2E (Cont'd)
going to have to take off that ridiculous mask. Or else I'm going to have to wear one too...

She picks up the other mask from the desk and starts to put it on. Paul quickly takes off his mask and takes Holly's mask from her hand.

PAUL
No, please...look...2E...

There is a long, agonized pause.

2E
'You don't know how to tell me this but...'

PAUL
(Overlapping)
I don't know how to tell you this but...

2E
Maybe we had better put on the masks. I don't know you, Paul. I suddenly don't know your face at all.

She starts to put on the mask.

PAUL
Damn it! Take that off...

2E
What is it, darling? What's the matter?

She looks curiously around the room, her eyes take in the two masks and the rumpled bed.

2E
Girl trouble? Is that it, darling?

Paul does not answer, but he does not deny it either.

2E
I see. Well, that's not so serious. As a matter of fact I've been expecting it. I can't say I like it, but I've been expecting it. Who is she?

152. (Cont'd)

PAUL
She's got nothing to do with it. This is between you and me.

2E
Oh. Then it is serious. Well now...

PAUL
2E...you're a very stylish girl. Can't we end this stylishly?

2E
End it?

PAUL
Yes.

2E
Gracious!
(She laughs. It is a forced, far from humorous laugh)
I do believe love has found Andy Hardy. I must say it all seems just a little out of character. Who is she, Paul...a waitress? A shop girl? Or no...that wouldn't be your game, would it? You're a romantic, but not all that much of a romantic. She'd have to be someone rich, wouldn't she, Paul? Someone who could help you...

PAUL
Curiously enough, she's a very sweet, very frightened girl who can't help anyone, not even herself. The thing is, she's someone I can help. And it's a nice feeling. For a change.

2E
All right. I understand...
(Pause)
I'll tell you what, Paul. I am a very stylish girl...

She takes a checkbook out of her purse and starts to write a check.

PAUL
What are you doing?

152. (Cont'd)

2E
Writing you a check. Don't look so bewildered. Surely you've noticed me writing checks before.
(She drops it on the desk in front of him)
Here you are..."Pay to the order of Paul Varjak...one thousand dollars."
(Paul looks at her blankly)
Take her away somewhere for a week. Get her out of your system. No, really, you've been with me over a year now, Paul. You're entitled to a week's vacation with pay.

Paul's face goes white.

2E
(Continuing)
It's simply a matter of fair labor practice, darling. If you were really smart, what you'd do is get some of the other boys together and organize a union. A sort of Gigolo's Guild. That way you'd get all the fringe benefits...hospitalization... a pension plan...and unemployment insurance when you're between...how shall I put it?...engagements.

PAUL
I'll always be grateful to you for making this so easy for me. I won't stay and pack now. There's something I have to do first. But I'll be out of here by tonight.

2E
Don't be ridiculous, darling. Take the check and call your girl...

Paul goes to the closet, opens it and takes out his jacket (the one he was wearing at his first entrance.)

PAUL
No thanks...
(Patting his breast pocket)
I have a check of my own. Not as grand as yours... fifty dollars, actually...but all mine.

152. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
(Indicating the closet full of clothes)
When you get yourself a new writer to help, try to find one my size. That way you won't even have to bother shortening the sleeves.

He slams out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

153. EXT. BROWNSTONE - (DAY)

Paul comes out the door and down the steps. His face is still contorted with anger. At the bottom of the steps he pauses, lights a cigarette, looks back at the house, grins and then, somehow, purged and suddenly free, he begins to walk briskly up the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

154. EXT. TIFFANY'S - (DAY)

Paul emerges from Tiffany's. He holds in his hand a small velvet box. He stops for a moment on the crowded sidewalk, opens the box, looks at it and smiles again.

155. INSERT - THE BOX

Inside the red plush box, resting on a white satin lining is the Crackerjack ring with "H.G." in old English lettering engraved on the front. He snaps the box shut.

156. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - (DAY)

Paul slips the box into his pocket and begins to walk rather more aimlessly now down Fifth Avenue. Suddenly, something ahead catches his eye.

157. A GIRL'S BACK - (PAUL'S POV) - (DAY)

157. (Cont'd)

Ahead of him on the sidewalk, moving quickly through the crowd, we see the back of a tall, skinny girl walking fast and straight.

158. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - (DAY)

Paul quickens his pace, breaks into a trot and catches up with her. As he comes abreast of her both he and THE CAMERA see that it is not Holly. Disappointed, he continues to walk down Fifth Avenue.

DISSOLVE TO:

159. EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - (DAY)

Paul, still more or less wandering aimlessly, looks up and is rather surprised to see where his feet have led him. With a shrug, as if he were bowing to the inevitable, he mounts the library steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

160. INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - (DAY)

Paul, not quite aware that he is retracing the route of yesterday, wanders toward the Reading Room. He glances in the door and then reacts -

161. INT. READING ROOM - (PAUL'S POV) - (DAY)

Across the room, at one of the large tables, is Holly. She sits behind her dark glasses and a fortress of literature. She is concentrating fiercely, speeding from one book to another. She has a pad and pencil and makes an occasional note.

162. CLOSE SHOT - PAUL

He smiles, touched by the unlikely juxtaposition of Holly and books.

163. INT. READING ROOM - (DAY)

Paul moves quietly across the room, goes up behind Holly and looks curiously over her shoulder to see what she is reading. Spread out before her on the table is a

163. (Cont'd)

variety of reference books, all dealing, it seems, with South America. Such titles as: THE POLITICAL MIND OF SOUTH AMERICA, BY-WAYS OF BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA - LAND OF WEALTH AND PROMISE, etc.

164. CLOSE SHOT - PAUL - (DAY)

He is baffled by her choice of research material, but still amused by her concentration and industry.

165. INT. READING ROOM - (DAY)

He moves quietly around the table and drops into an empty seat directly across from her. He watches her for a moment before he speaks.

PAUL
(Whispering)
Hi...

Holly looks up startled. She stares uncomprehendingly at him. Then an expression of panic flickers across her face. A moment later she is back in control.

HOLLY
(Whispering)
What do you want?

PAUL
(Whispering)
I want to talk to you!

HOLLY
(Whispering)
I'm busy...

PAUL
(Whispering)
What are you doing?

HOLLY
(Whispering)
Reading...

Paul reaches across the table and pulls one of the books toward him examining the title curiously.

PAUL
(Whispering)
SOUTH AMERICA - LAND OF WEALTH AND PROMISE"?

165. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
(Whispering)
It's interesting...

PAUL
(Whispering)
Come on, let's get out of here!
(Holly shakes her head; a little louder)
I said let's get out of here...
I want to talk to you!

Several heads begin now to pop up around them. The SOUND of SHHHH-ING can now be heard.

PAUL
What's the matter with you anyway. What's happened?

HOLLY
Will you please just let me alone!

More shhhhh-ing.

PAUL
(Exploding - full voice)
I will like hell! Holly, I love you!

Heads now pop up all over the room. There is a deafening chorus of SHHHHH's. Then an ear-splitting scrape as Holly pushes back her chair and gets up. Paul pushes back his chair and goes after her. She is heading across the room toward a door marked "Ladies". About half way there Paul catches her by the arm. The conversation continues in feverish whispers.

PAUL
Where do you think you're going?

HOLLY
To the Ladies Room.

PAUL
Darling, what is it?

HOLLY
(Flaring up for a moment)
Let me go!

165. (Cont'd)

Then her bravado collapses and she begins to cry softly.

HOLLY
Please, Fred, let me go...

PAUL
Let's get something straight right now! I am not now, nor have I ever been, Fred! Neither am I Benny Shacklett. Whoever he may be. I'm Paul! Paul Varjak! And I love you!

HOLLY
(Struggling)
Let me go...

PAUL
Not till we get this settled. Let's start at the beginning. For instance, what's all this jazz about South America?

HOLLY
I thought...if I'm going to marry a South American...I'd better find out something about the country...

PAUL
Marry what South American?

HOLLY
Jose...

PAUL
Who?

HOLLY
Jose Ybarra-Jaegar. Mag Wildwood's friend. You met him. The one who came to the party with Rusty. It turns out he's not only handsome but rich too. And since Fred...

PAUL
You're crazy!

HOLLY
Let go of me!

PAUL
Holly! Listen to me! I'm not going to let you do it!

165. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Because of yesterday, you suddenly think you own me!

PAUL
That's exactly what I think!

HOLLY
That's what <u>everybody</u> always thinks. But everybody happens to be wrong.

PAUL
Look, I'm not everybody...or am I? Is that what you really think? That I'm no different from all your other rats and <u>super</u>-rats?

She nods. He lets go of her arm. She starts to go but the intensity in his voice holds her for a moment.

PAUL
<u>Wait a minute!</u>

He takes the fifty dollar check from his wallet and scribbles his name on the back.

PAUL (Cont'd)
If that's the way it is...if that's what you <u>really</u> think...then there's something I want to give you...

HOLLY
(Barely whispering)
What's that?

Paul pushes the check into her hand.

PAUL
Fifty dollars. For the Ladies Room.

He turns and stalks away. HOLD FOR A MINUTE on her face as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

166. <u>INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT</u> - (NIGHT)

Paul is emptying papers from his desk and stacking them into a cardboard box. He goes to the bookshelf and takes down the ten copies of his book and places them in the box. He closes and locks his typewriter.

(Continued)

166. (Cont'd)

He sighs and lights a cigarette. In a moment, he goes to the closet, takes down the suitcase and begins to pack the few belongings that he had with him on his arrival. The rest of the stuff -- and the closet is now filled with shoes, socks, suits, ties -- he leaves hanging where it is. He is just closing the suitcase when a series of SOUNDS strike his ear. They come from Holly's apartment and the general effect is that of someone being murdered or as though tigers were loose below. A riot of crashing glass, of rippings and fallings and overturned furniture. Paul completely ignores the SOUNDS, picks up his box, his typewriter and his suitcase, turns out the lights and leaves the room.

167. INT. STAIRCASE - (NIGHT)

On the stairs the SOUNDS are even louder. Paul descends the stairs, paying no attention to the growing bedlam. As he passes Holly's door on the way down, the door bursts open and a very alarmed Jose appears. He sees Paul and grabs his arm.

JOSE
Please! You are her friend from upstair, yes?

PAUL
What's the matter?

JOSE
You must help me... this is most serious.

Paul puts down his luggage and steps toward the open door into -

168. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

The room has been thoroughly wrecked. Furniture overturned, broken lamps and smashed phonograph records. Even the ice box has been emptied, its contents tossed around the room. Raw eggs slide down the walls. In the middle of the debris, the Cat is calmly lapping up a bottle of milk. From the bedroom the SOUNDS continue. Paul dashes through the bedroom door into -

169. INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Holly, wild-eyed and hysterical, is smashing perfume bottles against the wall.

PAUL
Holly!

He runs to her, wrestles a lamp out of her hand and slaps her hard across the face. In a moment it is over. She sags in his arms, sobbing quietly. He picks her up and carries her to the bed. Holly spent and limp, sinks back onto the pillows. She mops her forehead, leaving a smear of blood from a cut finger.

PAUL
Come on now...take it easy...
try to rest...sleep if you can...

HOLLY
(Whimpering like an exhausted child)
Sleep...he's the only one who would ever let me hold him on cold nights...
I saw a place in Mexico...with horses...by the sea...

Her eyes close. Paul covers her with a blanket and turns to Jose who is hovering nervously at the bedroom door.

PAUL
What the hell did you do to her?

JOSE
I do not know. There was a telegram and then this. It is appalling. Her crashing everything. Conducting like a crazy. I must have no public scandal. It's too delicate; my name, my position... my family...Will there be, do you think, police?

PAUL
I don't see why. There's no law against busting up your own apartment. At least I don't think there is. What telegram?

JOSE
I don't know...it came just a moment ago...

He looks around and finally finds a crumpled piece of yellow paper.

169. (Cont'd)

JOSE
Yes, here it is...

He picks it up, unwrinkles it and hands it to Paul. Paul takes it from him and after a moment, in a slightly shakey voice, reads aloud.

PAUL
"Received notice young Fred killed in jeep accident Camp Crowder Missouri stop. Your husband and children join in the sorrow of our mutual loss stop. Letter following. Love Doc".....
her brother Fred...

JOSE
Then her sickness...it is only grief?

PAUL
I'd say so...yes...

JOSE
This brother...she loved him very much?

PAUL
I guess so...

JOSE
But what can one do?

PAUL
Try to help her. I tried, but it didn't do much good. Maybe you can do better.
(Pause)
You have a ranch or something... down in Brazil, don't you?

JOSE
Yes. Several thousand acres...

PAUL
Good. She'll like that.

Paul motions toward the bedroom door.

PAUL
You'd better get in there. I think she probably needs someone with her. Tell her Paul said goodbye.

169. (Cont'd)

Jose hestiates a moment, then turns and heads toward the bedroom. Paul watches as he enters the bedroom and closes the door behind him. Paul's psuedo-tough expression collapses. For an instant it looks as if he might cry. He quickly regains control and moves to the front door and exits, closing the door.

170. INT. STAIRS - (NIGHT)

He takes his luggage from the landing and starts slowly down the stairs. THE CAMERA MOVES with him as he pauses for a moment in the -

171. INT. VESTIBULE - (NIGHT)

He takes the "PAUL VARJAK...ARRIVED" card from its slot and tears it into tiny pieces. As he goes out the door and down the steps -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

172. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

It is late afternoon in a day in early spring. Through the open windows we can see that the tree in front of the house has begun to bud. Holly, barefoot, in blue jeans and a sweat shirt, is bustling around the living room in a frenzy of domesticity. From the phonograph a Linguaphone record is conducting an intensely monotonous lesson in elementary Portugese. There are a number of changes in the apartment. Metropolitan Museum reproductions adorn the walls. There are even a couple of chairs. In the kitchen there is a vast number of pots and pans and a formidable row of cook books. The Cat sits on the window sill watching amiably. Presently the door buzzer sounds. Holly pushes her hair out of her eyes, presses the buzzer, then goes to the door and opens it.

Paul is standing stiffly in the doorway. He looks somewhat different from the last time we saw him. But perhaps it is only that his hair is combed and that his jacket and trousers match.

PAUL
Hello. I got your wire...how did you ever find me anyhow?

172. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
I tried everything...called people, asked around, then suddenly I thought of looking in the phone book. Anyway, I'm glad you could come.

He moves into the room. They are a little shy and uneasy with each other, almost like strangers.

PAUL
You look fine.

HOLLY
No, I don't. I'm fat as a pig and I haven't had my hair done in weeks...
(Pause)
But you're looking trés distingué.

PAUL
Thanks...I have a job...and I've been writing a little...nights and weekends...

HOLLY
I know. I've read three of your stories...two in THE NEW YORKER and one in that funny little magazine. I liked the ones in THE NEW YORKER...the other one... THE GIRL FROM THE CITY or whatever it was called.

PAUL
THE CITY GIRL...you didn't care for it?

HOLLY
Oh, I liked it all right. I just didn't believe it. I mean a girl as kooky as that...they wouldn't let her run around loose. I mean they'd have put her away... in some kind of a home...

Paul suddenly becomes aware of the unpleasant sound of the Linguaphone.

PAUL
What's that?

HOLLY
Portugese. Do you realize it has

172. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
four thousand irregular verbs all of which take different cases, depending on the tense or the sex of the speaker or the thing he or she is speaking about or something like that? Anyway I've been trying to learn it. I mean if a person's going to live in Brazil, she should certainly know about the verbs... at least the irregular ones.

She goes to the phonograph and shuts it off.

PAUL
Look, Holly, what's this about? Why did you want to see me?

HOLLY
Jose's in Washington for the night, so I thought if I asked you over... you might come and...well...I've said goodbye to everyone else I care about...

PAUL
You're going somewhere?

HOLLY
I'm leaving for Rio tomorrow. I have the plane ticket right here.
(Pause)
I've already said goodbye to old Sally. I thought he'd be upset, but he wasn't. He said it was just as well...there might be trouble...

PAUL
Trouble?

HOLLY
If they found out I wasn't really his niece.

PAUL
Oh. Then you and Jose...you're really getting married?

HOLLY
Well, he hasn't really asked me. Not in so many words...

172. (Cont'd)

PAUL
Four -- you mean?

HOLLY
What?

PAUL
That's how many words it takes. 'Will'. 'You.' 'Marry'. 'Me.' Four..

HOLLY
Oh, we'll get married. I know we will. And in church. With his family there and everything. That's why we're waiting till we get to Rio.

PAUL
He's flying down with you?

HOLLY
Well, yes. On different planes, of course. He doesn't think it would look right for us to be travelling together. His family is very important in Rio. So he has to worry about things like that.

Paul has followed her into the kitchenette and is watching her feverish activity with interest.

PAUL
What are you doing anyway?

HOLLY
I thought I'd cook dinner for us. Don't look so nervous. Jose says I'm better than the Colony. It's really amazing...three months ago I couldn't scramble eggs...Of course, I still can't. I just can't seem to get the hang of really simple dishes...steak...salad...things like that absolutely baffle me...But...

Paul removes a pot from Holly's hand. Then he takes her by the shoulders and turns her toward him. They stand very close together in the steamy kitchenette.

PAUL
Listen, Holly, tell me something. Do you really love Jose?

172. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Of course.

PAUL
Are you sure?

HOLLY
Look, I know what you think. And I don't blame you, I've always thrown out such a jazzy line. But really...except for Doc...and you...Jose is my first non-rat romance. Oh, not that he's my ideal of the absolute finito. He tells little lies and worries about what people think and he wants to be the President of Brazil...I mean it's such a useless thing for a grown man to want to be...and he takes about fifty baths a day...I think a man should smell...at least a little bit. No, he's too prim and cautious to be my absolute ideal. If I were free to choose from anybody alive...just snap my fingers and say 'Come here, you!"...I wouldn't pick Jose. Nehru maybe...or Adlai Stevenson or Sidney Poitier or Leonard Bernstein...but I do love Jose. I honestly think I'd give up smoking if he asked me to!

During this her mood has somehow changed. She turns off the oven and dries her hands.

HOLLY
Suddenly, I don't feel so much like cooking. Could we go out somewhere?

PAUL
Sure. I'll buy you a farewell dinner.

HOLLY
That would be fun. As long as it's someplace I can go like this.

Paul eyes the blue jeans and sweat shirt.

PAUL
Well, as I remember, you were getting bored with Twenty-One anyway...

172. (Cont'd)

They laugh and as they do the last few months disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

173. EXT. RESTAURANT IN CHINATOWN - (NIGHT)

Holly and Paul emerge from the restaurant hand in hand. They walk down the block. Then suddenly, Holly begins to laugh.

PAUL
What's so funny?

Holly pulls up the front of her sweat shirt. There, wedged between her bare tummy and the top of her blue jeans, is a box of Joss Sticks. She pulls it out proudly.

HOLLY
Present for you...

PAUL
What is it?

HOLLY
A box of Joss Sticks.

PAUL
What are Joss Sticks?

HOLLY
Who knows? That's what it says. Look. "Joss...Sticks."

PAUL
Where did you...?

HOLLY
I stole them. Just to keep my hand in. Remember?
(She hands the box to him)
I want you to promise to treasure them always.

PAUL
Whenever I have a joss that needs sticking I'll think of you...

They continue walking in silence for a moment.

173. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
This was a nice idea. New York's not a town you can just up and leave... without saying a proper goodby to...

174. EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - (NIGHT)

They lean against the rail, suspended high above the river. For a moment they watch the sea-ward moving ships pass between the cliffs of burning skyline.

HOLLY
Years from now, years and years, one of those ships will bring me back...me and my nine Brazilian brats...they'll be dark like Jose, of course...but with bright green beautiful eyes...I'll bring them back all right...because they must see this...these lights...the river ...Oh I love New York!

PAUL
Then why are you leaving it? What's in it for you, anyway?

Holly's face tightens. The mood is broken.

HOLLY
Come on, it's late. I'm leaving tomorrow and I haven't even begun to pack.

She takes his arm and they start moving back toward the Manhattan side.

HOLLY
I don't feel like walking anymore. Let's see if we can get a cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

175. INT. VESTIBULE - (NIGHT)

Holly and Paul enter the vestibule of her building. Holly searches for her key, does not have it and looks hopefully at Paul.

PAUL
Don't look at me. Annie doesn't live here anymore.

175. (Cont'd)

He shrugs, grins and starts to reach for Mr. Yunioshi's bell.

HOLLY
(Stopping him)
No, wait a minute...I've transferred my business.

She points to Paul's old card slot. THE CAMERA PANS so that we can see the new card which reads: "Mr. Quaintance Smith."

PAUL
(Somewhat awed by the name)
Mr. Quaintance Smith? This - I'd like to see...

HOLLY
You will, in a minute...

She starts to ring his bell. Paul automatically tries the door. It opens.

PAUL
Someone must have tripped the lock.

HOLLY
That Smith...he's a crafty devil...

Holly and Paul move into the building and up the stairs to -

176. INT. HOLLY'S DOOR - (NIGHT)

Paul reaches down under the mat for the key. It's not there. They look at each other. Holly tries the door and, surprisingly, it opens.

HOLLY
I don't understand...I was sure...

They move into -

177. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Inside, Paul finds the lightswitch and snaps it on.

PAUL
You ought to be more careful about...

177. (Cont'd)

As the lights go on we are suddenly aware of the presence of three other people. Plain-clothes detectives -- two men and a woman. Holly stifles a scream and Paul starts a "what-the-hell..."

DETECTIVE
Bernstein, Narcotics Squad.

In a moment the room seems to be filled with people. The three detectives who had been waiting and two others who have been lurking in the corridor. Adding to the hubbub are the Messrs. Yunioshi and Smith.

HOLLY
What do you mean - Narcotics Squad?

From the doorway comes the sound of Mr. Yunioshi's voice.

MR. YUNIOSHI
<u>There she is! The wanted woman!</u>

PAUL
Now wait a minute...what's going on...

2ND DETECTIVE
Why don't you ask your boss?

PAUL
What?

1ST DETECTIVE
Sally Tomato. Why don't you ask him? Come on, Pusher...

He is frisking Paul for concealed weapons.

PAUL
I'm not a dope pusher...I'm a <u>writer!</u>

2ND DETECTIVE
Oh. A man who thinks for himself!

The lady cop, a heavy, masculine woman with thick yellow braids roped around her head, plumps a hand on Holly's shoulder and, in a surprisingly child-like voice says:

177. (Cont'd)

LADY COP
Okay, Sister. You're going places.

HOLLY
(Brushing her arm away)
Lady, you touch me again and I'll break your arm...

For an answer the lady cop slaps her hard across the face. From outside now we can HEAR an approaching police SIREN. Paul and Holly are being hustled toward the door. As she passes Mr. Yunioshi, Holly catches him by the lapel.

HOLLY
Dear Mr. Yunioshi...one last favor... will you be an absolute darling and see that the cat gets fed?

Paul and Holly are being hustled down the stairs as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

178. EXT. SIXTY-SEVENTH PRECINCT - (NIGHT)

The newspapers have apparently been tipped off and a number of reporters are on hand. The police car pulls up and Holly and Paul are hustled out, still protesting. A second police car pulls up behind them and Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Sally Tomato's three hundred pound lawyer, is bundled out. Amid the popping flashbulbs, Holly spots him.

HOLLY
Mr. O'Shaughnessy! What are you doing here?

O'SHAUGHNESSY
Oh shut up! -

REPORTER
(To Holly)
Is it true you carried messages from Tomato in code?

HOLLY
Of course not! I'd just meet Mr. O'Shaughnessy at Hamburger Heaven and give him the weather report...

178. (Cont'd.)

Mr. O'Shaughnessy breaks loose for a moment and kicks a camera out of a photographer's hands. At this point they are all hustled through the door into -

179. INT. POLICE STATION - (NIGHT)

There's a great deal of confusion with several conversations going on at once. At the desk Paul is protesting helplessly to the Sergeant.

PAUL
Varjak...Paul Varjak...V-a-r-j-a-k. I'm a writer.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the room Holly is surrounded by reporters.

HOLLY
Simply do not ask me what this is all about... parce-cue, je ne sais pas, mes cheres.

REPORTER
But you did used to visit Tomato?

HOLLY
I used to see him every week. What's wrong with that?

2ND REPORTER
You must have known Tomato was part of the narcotics syndicate...

HOLLY
Mr. Tomato never mentioned narcotics to me! It makes me furious the way these wretched people keep persecuting him. He's a deeply sensitive person... A darling old man...

PAUL
(calling urgently from across the room)
Holly, will you please shut up till you talk to your lawyer!

2ND REPORTER
(to Holly)
Who is your lawyer?

HOLLY
I don't know...

179. (Cont'd)

At that moment she notices the handcuffed Mr. O'Shaughnessy being led, still struggling, into the back room.

HOLLY
Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I guess...

Paul hears this and reacts violently. On his anguished face -

DISSOLVE TO:

180. INT. SALOON - (NIGHT)

It's a neighborhood, Third Avenue saloon, around the corner from Holly's brownstone. BEGIN ON CLOSE SHOT of a booth table on which are spread the morning tabloids. They feature pictures of Holly in the police station and screaming headlines: PLAYGIRL ARRESTED IN NARCOTICS SCANDAL...TOMATO'S TOMATO NABBED...DRUG RING EXPOSED, GLAMOR GIRL HELD.... Beside the papers are several dollars in quarters, neatly stacked. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL - Paul, tie loosened and in a somewhat distraught condition. He is working on a drink, looking at the papers and keeping an anxious eye on the telephone booth across the room. The phone rings. Paul jumps to his feet, scoops up a handful of quarters and dashes into -

181. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

He takes off the receiver and we can hear the operator's voice on filter.

OPERATOR
Ready with Mr. Berman in Hollywood. Kindly deposit two dollars for the first three minutes please...

Methodically Paul begins to feed quarters into the phone.

182. INT. O.J.'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

O.J. Berman, in Sulka pajamas, is propped up in an enormous bed. He is surrounded by a dictaphone, television set, transistor radio and stacks of

182. (Cont'd)

manuscripts. He holds the phone to his ear, wincing at the thud each time a quarter is dropped in at the other end of the line.

O.J.
O.J. Berman here. Who is this calling?

183. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

PAUL
Mr. Berman, this is Paul Varjak. V-a-r-j-a-k...I'm a friend of Holly's. We met in New York.

184. INT. O.J.'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

O.J.
Who?

185. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

PAUL
Paul...Paul Varjak...V-a-r....
(He gives up)
Oh, hell, this is Fred!

186. INT. O.J.'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

O.J.
Oh!-- Fred-baby! You calling about the kid? I heard it an hour ago on the radio.

187. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

PAUL
I was with her when she was arrested. They held me for a while but then they let me go....

188. INT. O.J.'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

O.J.
Now look Fred-baby, just relax. Everything is taken care of.

188. (Cont'd)

O.J. (Cont'd)
I spoke to my lawyer in New York... I told him take care of everything and send the bill to me, only keep my name anonymous. They only got her in ten thousand bail...he'll have her sprung by ten o'clock tomorrow morning...Now listen, Fred-baby, I tell you what you do...you bust into that dump she lives in, collect all her junk, then pick her up at the jail house and take her straight to a hotel under a phony name. We want to keep her away from the reporters as much as we can...will you do that?

189. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

PAUL
Sure...I'll need some kind of a truck for her stuff...

190. INT. O.J.'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

O.J.
So hire one. Or hire a car and chauffeur.That's better. I want the kid should be sprung from jail in style. Charge it to me...

PAUL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Berman, I can't tell you how much I appreciate...

O.J.
Forget it. Anyhow, I owe the kid something. Not that I owe her anything if you come right down to it. She's crazy. A phony. But a real phony. You know what I mean?

191. INT. PHONE BOOTH - (NIGHT)

PAUL
I know what you mean! And thanks, Mr. Berman...thanks a lot...

He hangs up the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

192. EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - (DAY)

It is about nine o'clock in the morning and raining. A chauffeur-driven limousine pulls up in front of the house and Paul gets out, telling the driver to wait. There are a few sightseers on the door step. Paul brushes past them and enters -

193. INT. VESTIBULE - (DAY)

He unhesitatingly reaches down and pushes Mr. Smith's bell. After a moment the click releases the door and Paul enters -

194. INT. STAIRS - (DAY)

As Paul climbs the stairs, Mr.Smith, two flights above, opens his door and calls down.

MR. SMITH
(Calling)
Roger? Is that you Roger?

PAUL
(Climbing the stairs)
No, it's me...Paul...

195. INT. MR. SMITH'S DOORWAY - (DAY)

As Paul comes up the stairs Mr.Smith eyes him curiously. He's seen him somewhere before -- but where?

PAUL
(Talking fast)
Sorry to bother you old man, but you see I used to live in this apartment...before you took it and I'd heard you've done such fabulous things with it that I...

MR. SMITH
You're very kind, but I'm really just getting started...I haven't even put up the drapes...actually when you rang I thought you were someone else...

PAUL
Roger?

MR. SMITH
Yes. Actually, Roger's bringing the drapes.

195. (Cont'd)

By this time Paul has eased past him into -

196. INT. MR. SMITH'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

The apartment has been completely redone since Paul left. It is, if possible, even more elaborate.

PAUL
Charming, absolutely charming... Now if you don't mind, what I really want to do is borrow your fire escape...no, no, that's quite all right I know my way, thanks.

He goes to the window, opens it and while Mr. Smith watches in open-mouthed wonder, he climbs out on the fire escape.

MR. SMITH
(Shaking his head)
I have lived in a number of bizarre buildings in my time... but this is...and you may quote me wildly on the subject...far and away the bizarrest of all...

He hastily closes the window and locks it.

197. EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - (DAY)

It is raining quite hard. Bucking the wind and rain Paul makes his way down to -

198. EXT. HOLLY'S WINDOW - (DAY)

The pane of glass is still broken. He reaches through, unlocks the window and enters -

199. INT. HOLLY'S BATHROOM - (DAY)

He scoops up a handful of toothbrushes, tooth paste, etc. Then notices the airplane ticket sticking out of a toothbrush glass. He grins, puts it in his pocket and moves into -

200. INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

He stacks the toothbrushes and things in a neat pile on the bed. The Cat greets him with a friendly meow, but at the moment he has no time for the Cat. He finds an empty suitcase and places it on the bed. He now begins to pack in as neat a fashion as possible, rooting various forms of wearing apparel out from under the bed and similar unlikely places. He is interrupted in his labors by the sound of the door buzzer. He ignores it, going on with his packing. It rings again, and again, and again. Finally he decides that it is better to face it out. He goes to the release button, presses it, then after a moment goes to the door and opens it.

Standing in the doorway is a small, handsome, South American gentlemen who bears a marked resemblance to Jose.

PAUL
Yes?

THE GENTLEMAN
I am the cousin. Sent by Senor Jose Ybarra-Jaegar.

PAUL
Oh. Where is Jose?

The cousin who, clearly, has great difficulty with the language, suffers mentally for a moment, organizing his next sentence.

THE COUSIN
Ah. Where she is. She is waiting.

PAUL
Let me think that one over.
(Pause)
Now I think I got it. Of course I may be wrong, but I have a curious feeling that the future President of Brazil has taken...or is about to take... a powder. Right?

The cousin looks at him with total lack of comprehension. After a minute he produces from his inside pocket a letter.

THE COUSIN
My cousin, she ask me to leave this for his chum...you will oblige?

Paul takes the envelope and looks at it carefully. On the front is written: "For Miss H. Golightly -- Courtesy of Bearer."

 (Continued)

200. (Cont'd)

PAUL
(Slowly)
Yes. I will oblige.

The cousin bows politely. Paul closes the door. He puts the letter in his pocket and thoughtfully crosses to -

201. INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

He closes the suitcase and carries it out into -

202. INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

He searches for and eventually finds the guitar.

PAUL
Let's see...what else...oh, yes. Cat. Here, Cat, Cat, Cat...Come on you...

He scoops up Cat, picks up the suitcase and the guitar and as he does so Cat leaps out of his arms, claws flashing.

PAUL
Damn you!

He goes after Cat again. It is quite a chase. He finally corners it in the bedroom. This time his technique has improved. He rips a pillow case from the bed and dumps the cat unceremoniously into it, then slings it over his shoulder like a sack and once more picks up the suitcase and the guitar and heads for the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

203. EXT. WOMAN'S PRISON - (DAY)

It is still raining. Holly emerges and is greeted by Paul. The limousine waits at the curb.

HOLLY
Quel night, alors! Paul, darling, I <u>am</u> glad to see you!

PAUL
Come on mi'lady, the carriage, courtesy of O.J. Berman, awaits!

203. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
What?

For an answer Paul grabs her arm and together they run through the rain and get into -

204. INT. CAR - (DAY)

PAUL
While you were away, I did a little house-breaking...
(To Driver)
Hotel Croyden, 86th and Madison.
(To Holly)
O.J. thinks it would be a good idea for you to stay out of sight for a while. I've got most of your stuff here...including Cat...I hope he's all right...

He lets the cat out of the pillow case.

HOLLY
Hello, Cat...You poor no-name slob... Listen, darling, did you find that airplane ticket?

PAUL
Right here. I'm sure we can cash it in...

HOLLY
Cash it in? Are you kidding? What time is it?

PAUL
A little after ten.

HOLLY
Good...
(To Driver)
Idlewild Airport, driver.

PAUL
You can't do that...

HOLLY
Why not?

PAUL
You don't seem to understand. You're under indictment. If they

204. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
catch you jumping bail, they'll lock you up and throw away the key.

HOLLY
Don't be ridiculous, darling. By the day after tomorrow I'll be married to the future President of Brazil. That'll give me diplomatic immunity or something.

PAUL
I wouldn't bet on it.

She sees from his face that something is seriously wrong.

HOLLY
What is it, darling?

PAUL
I have a message for you.

He takes out the envelope and hands it to her. She studies the handwriting carefully for a moment.

HOLLY
Oh, oh, yes...I see...Did he bring it in person or was it just there, shoved under the door?

PAUL
A cousin.

HOLLY
Hand me my purse, darling, will you. A girl can't read this sort of thing without her lipstick.

She busies herself with her make-up for a moment, stalling for time. Finally she says:

HOLLY
You read it to me, will you, darling. I don't think I can quite bear...

PAUL
You really want me to?

She nods. Paul tears open the envelope.

PAUL
Okay...

204. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)
(Reading)
"My dearest little girl, I have loved you knowing you were not as others. But conceive of my despair upon discovering in such a brutal and public style how very different you are from the manner of woman a man of my position could hope to make his wife. I grieve for the disgrace of your present circumstances and I do not find it in my heart to add my condemn to the condemn that surrounds you. So I hope you will find it in your heart not to condemn me. I have my family to protect and my name and I am a coward where these institutions enter. Forget me, beautiful child, and may God be with you. Jose."

HOLLY
(After a moment)
Well?

PAUL
In a way it seems quite honest... touching even...

HOLLY
Touching? That square-ball jazz!

PAUL
After all, he says he's a coward...

HOLLY
All right, so he's not really a super-rat...or even a regular rat... he's just a scared little mouse... but oh, gee, golly, damn...

She jams her fist into her mouth and begins to cry.

PAUL
Well, so much for South America. I never really thought you were cut out to be Queen of the Pampas anyhow.
(To driver)
Croyden Hotel.

HOLLY
(To driver)
Idlewild!

204. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
(To Paul)
The plane leaves at twelve and on it I plan to be...

PAUL
Holly, you can't...

HOLLY
Et pourquoi pas? I'm not hot-footing it after Jose, if that's what you think. No, as far as I'm concerned he's the future President of Nowhere. It's only, why should I waste a perfectly good plane ticket? Besides, I've never been to Brazil...

Holly reaches for her suitcase, opens it and takes out a dress.

HOLLY
Please, darling, don't sit there looking at me like that. I'm going and that's all there is to it. Really you know, I haven't much choice...and what do I have to lose...except for the nickels put up for bail...bless O.J.'s heart...anyway, once on the coast I helped him win more than ten thousand in one poker hand. So I figure we're square...

As she talks she is pulling her sweatshirt over her head.

HOLLY (Con'd)
Now all they want from me are my services as a state's witness against Sally. Nobody has any intention of prosecuting me...to begin with they haven't a ghost of a chance...But even so...

She pulls the dress on over her head, then removes the blue jeans under it. Then she finds a pair of shoes and the dressing operation is now complete.

HOLLY
...this town's finished for me. At least for a while. They'll have the rope up at every saloon in town...I tell you what you do, darling...when

204. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)
you get back to town I want you to call The New York Times...or whoever you call ...and mail me a list of the fifty richest men in Brazil. The fifty richest ...regardless of race, color or present matrimonial status...

She suddenly becomes aware of the Cat who has climbed onto her lap. She looks quickly out the window to see where they are. The car is moving through a street in Spanish Harlem.

HOLLY
(To the Chauffeur)
Stop here!

PAUL
What are you doing?

Holly ignores him. The car pulls up to the curb. Holly opens the door and, carrying the Cat, steps out.

205. EXT. HARLEM STREET - (DAY)

We find ourselves in a savage, garish neighborhood, garlanded with poster portraits of movie stars and Madonnas. The sidewalks are littered with fruit-rind and rotted newspapers are hurled about by the wind. Holly stands for a moment holding the Cat. She scratches his head and talks softly to him.

HOLLY
What do you think? This ought to be the right kind of place for a tough guy like you. Garbage cans ...rats galore...plenty of cat-bums to gang around with...
(She drops the Cat to the sidewalk)
So scram!

Paul gets out of the car.

PAUL
Holly...

The Cat looks up at her questioningly.

HOLLY
(To the Cat)
I said beat it!

205. (Cont'd)

The Cat rubs up against her leg.

HOLLY
(Angrily pushing the cat with her foot)
I said take off!

She jumps back into the car. Paul stands watching.

HOLLY
You coming?

PAUL
I don't think so. No...

HOLLY
All right then...you can take off too!

She starts to close the door. Paul catches it and holds it open.

HOLLY
Let go of the door! I'll miss the plane! Come on, driver, let's go!

She jerks the door closed. Paul reaches into his pocket, takes out the red plush Tiffany box and tosses it to her through the window.

PAUL
Here...I've carried this thing around for months...I don't want it any more.

206. CLOSE SHOT - HOLLY - (DAY)

She opens the box and sits staring at the ring. The car starts and pulls away.

207. EXT. STREET - (DAY)

Paul stands watching the departing car. The rain has stopped now and patches of blue are beginning to show between the clouds. At the corner the limousine stops for a light. Suddenly the door opens and Holly jumps out. She is running back toward him across the wet sidewalk. In a moment they are in each other's arms. Then she pulls away.

207. (Cont'd)

HOLLY
Come on, darling, we've got to find Cat...

Together they dash up the block and into an alley in the direction the Cat had gone.

HOLLY
(Calling)
You cat! Where are you? Cat! Cat! Cat!
(To Paul)
We have to find him...I thought we just met by the river one day... that we were both independents...but I was wrong...we do belong to each other. He was mine!

Here Cat, Cat, Cat! Where are you?

Then they see him, sitting quietly on the top of a garbage can. She runs to him and gathers him in her arms.

HOLLY
(To Paul, after a moment)
Oh, darling...
(But there are no words for it)

PAUL
That's okay.

They walk in silence for a moment, Holly carrying the Cat.

HOLLY
(In a small voice)
Darling?

PAUL
Yeah?

HOLLY
Do you think Sam would be a nice name for Cat?

As they continue to walk up the street -

FADE OUT

THE END